

The Sketch

No. 1114.—Vol. LXXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1914.

SIXPENCE.

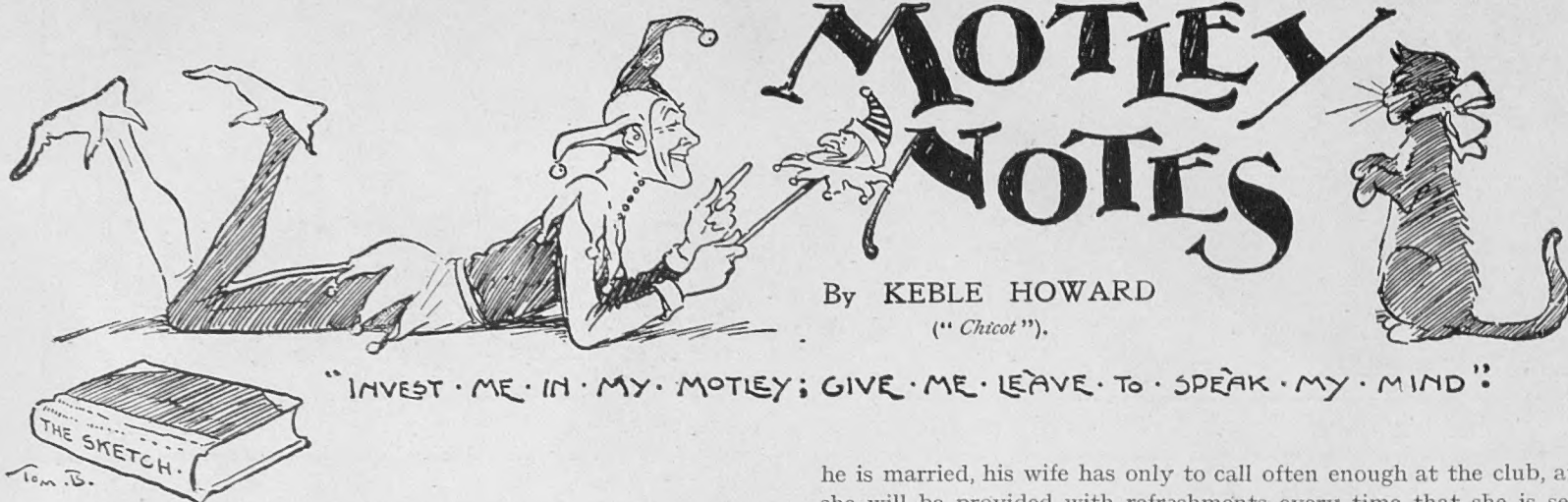


ENGAGED TO THE SEVENTH EARL OF LISBURNE: Mlle. BITTENCOURT, DAUGHTER OF DON JULIO BITTENCOURT, ATTACHÉ TO THE CHILIAN LEGATION IN LONDON.

The engagement was announced the other day of Mlle. Bittencourt, elder daughter of Don Julio Bittencourt, the popular Attaché of the Chilian Legation, and Ernest Edmund Henry Mallet Vaughan, seventh Earl of Lisburne, who was born in February 1892, and is in the Scots Guards. The family of the bride-elect is very wealthy, and Mlle. Bittencourt's "coming-out" in June two years ago was made remarkable

by a splendid Ball of Roses given by her mother, who, by the way, gave another ball a few days ago, for Mlle. Enita Bittencourt. Lord Lisburne is a Welsh landowner with some 42,800 acres, and the manor and seat of Crosswood, Aberystwyth, has been owned by his family since 1200. The family traces its descent from Collwyn ap Tangno, founder of the fifth noble tribe of Wales.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



The Newest Thing in Clubs.

The praiseworthy attempt to make London a habitable city still continues. The other day I was reading an account of London's latest club. Anything more remarkable in the way of clubs, I imagine, the world has never seen. To begin with, there are no fewer than forty-one telephones in the club. I belong to a club of which the membership amounts to something like six thousand, and we have three telephone-boxes for the use of members. In this newest and latest club there are not only forty-one telephones, but also an electrophone in the reading-room. A member will be able to turn from his newspaper to the opera at Covent Garden or a musical comedy at the Gaiety.

Business is to be encouraged in this new club. I understand that there is a business-room, proof against the noise of the traffic, and broken up into separate alcoves. Here the member can secure the services of a shorthand-writer and typist, whilst a staff of boys will be waiting to dash away with his letter, when written, to any part of London.

But the most remarkable feature of this club is the attention that will be paid to the wives of the members. There are drawing-rooms and dressing-rooms for the wives, with a French maid, who also speaks English, in constant attendance. At my club—in point of fact, at two of my clubs—lady visitors are compelled to wait almost on the door-step; but at this new club not only will they be shown into a beautiful drawing-room, but the committee will supply them with refreshments at the expense of the club!

"When."

Another feature that will appeal to the London clubman is the buffet-sideboard. Instead of solemnly ascending to the dining-room, and sitting down at a table, and paying table money, and being served with a stodgy English meal, at this new club you will simply walk to the sideboard, just as they do in Sweden, and help yourself to all sorts of tempting little dainties—again at the expense of the club. The club does not undertake to supply wines and spirits free of charge, but the irritating and parsimonious measure for spirits will be done away with, and the member can please himself whether he takes a mild drink or a strong one.

This reminds me of an episode of my unregenerate youth. I was on a small Swedish steamer with a friend, and, for some reason or another, we called for a whisky-and-soda. The steward, rather to our surprise, brought the bottle of whisky and the syphon, placed them on a table, and went away. Greatly charmed by this liberal treatment, which was in such marked contrast to anything one had ever experienced at home, we helped ourselves fairly generously, and I think my friend, with much chuckling, helped himself twice. However, when the steward returned for the bottle, he charged us, much to our surprise, for about nine drinks. Upon our protesting that we had certainly not taken nine drinks, he pointed to a very ingenious little ladder which ran from the neck to the bottom of the bottle, something after the manner of a medicine-bottle, thus forming a neat trap for the unwary.

However, that is by the way.

Free Food.

Here is a further astounding statement from the article on this new London club. "At eleven o'clock every night the waiters will serve to all who care to have it Welsh rarebit in quaint silver-plated pans."

Really, there seems to be no end to the generosity of this club. It is quite easy to see that a person who is prepared to live on snacks and Welsh rarebit has only to pay an annual subscription to this club, and all the expense of housekeeping will vanish for ever. If

he is married, his wife has only to call often enough at the club, and she will be provided with refreshments every time that she is seen to take the lift for the drawing-room. They need never spend any money on the opera, or the theatre, or the music-hall, because there is the electrophone ready to hand. I do not find any reference to clothing, except that there are valets in attendance to brush and press one's clothes and to iron one's hat. But this is probably an oversight. All reforms are brought about in clubs by the members who grumble, and I am quite sure that it will not be very long before certain members of this new club begin to grumble because the committee do not provide them with suits of clothes, hats, boots, gloves, shirts, collars, ties, socks, and other articles of wearing apparel.

A Coveted Post.

"The hall-porter is a human encyclopædia with a special knowledge of London, and of the best way to get everywhere, of the best seats to book at the theatres, and of the best things to see—the very man, in fact, for the visitor who is up from the country and may not know his London quite so thoroughly as the Londoner born."

That hall-porter, whether he knows it or not, occupies an extremely responsible position. Visitors from the country will naturally place themselves entirely in his hands. He will control their out-goings and in-comings. He will tell them what clothes they ought to wear, he will shield them from importunate visitors, and he will select for them their entertainments. As play-taster to the country members he will have more influence than a dramatic critic, and will thus become the pet of all the theatrical managers. How he will find time to visit all the theatres and music-halls, especially in these days of short runs, I cannot imagine, but he will do it because he is a man of exceptional talents. At the end of five years he will retire with a huge fortune, and, in all probability, a knighthood. I like to think that, in the days of his well-earned retirement, he will be elected an honorary member of the club for life, and will be able to sit in the hall and revel in the exquisite bliss of seeing another man doing the job that he once did himself. Surely old age can bring no greater delight!

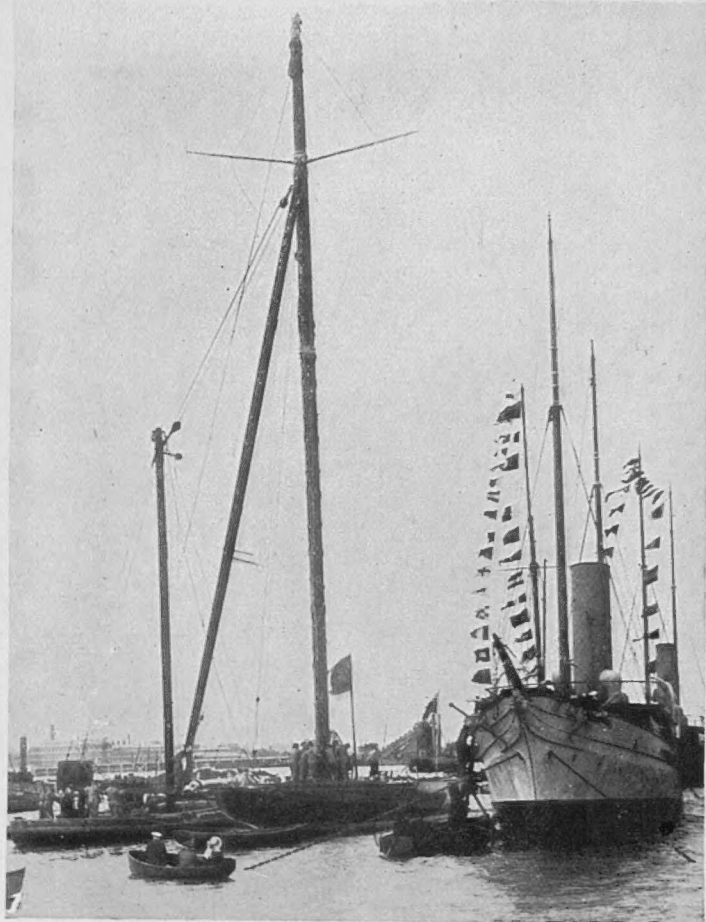
In Serious Vein.

I was talking the other day about aviation, and I said to my companion, as I have often said in these notes, "They are trying to achieve the impossible."

"That," he retorted, "is exactly what people have always said about every new thing that has come into the world. They said it about the steam-engine, they said it about the motor-car, and now they say it about the aeroplane. I am very much surprised to find you among the number of those stupid people."

"And I am very much surprised," I replied, "to find you among the number who think that, because the steam-engine succeeded, and the steam-ship succeeded, and the motor-car succeeded, the aeroplane will succeed. Can't you see that the men who were tackling the problems of the steam-engine and the motor-car were dealing, after all, with a natural element; the men who were tackling the problem of the steam-ship were dealing with a semi-natural element? The earth is man's province; the sea is less his province; but he has no business at all in the air. We were formed to walk a great deal and we were formed to swim a little, but we were not formed to fly. It is of no use talking about perfection in aeroplanes. Poor Hamel's machine was perfect, but, with the elements against him, he could not succeed in darting across the Channel—a little journey of fifteen minutes' duration in fine weather. The truth is that Nature gives us these dreadful lessons almost every day, but we refuse to take them. It was the unimaginative who ridiculed the steam-engine. True. And, in my own humble opinion, it is the unimaginative who look forward to the day when flying will become a thing of universal achievement."

A MONKEY TO WIN! "SHAMROCK IV."—FOR THE CUP.



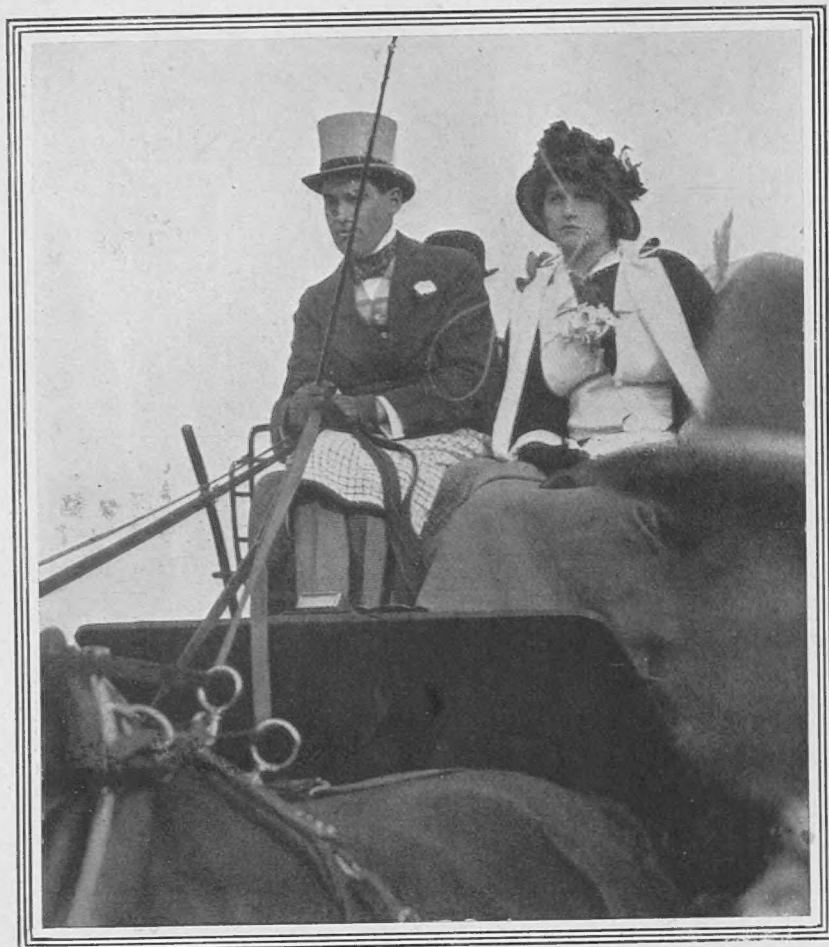
1. IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE LAUNCH: STEPPING THE MAST ON "SHAMROCK IV.," CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA CUP.
3. THE CHRISTENER OF "SHAMROCK IV.," AND THE OWNER OF THE YACHT: LADY SHAFTESBURY; AND SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

"Shamrock IV.," the Challenger for the America Cup, was launched last week at Gosport. She presents several striking features. The length on water-line is 75 feet; the over-all length is 110 feet; the beam is 23 feet; the draught is 13 feet 9 inches, increased to 23 feet with centre-board down. The height of the mast is 160 feet. Speaking at the luncheon which followed the launch, Sir Thomas Lipton said that he was sure the manner in which Lady Shaftesbury had performed the christening

2. AN ITEM OF MUCH INTEREST: THE KEEL OF "SHAMROCK IV.," SEEN FROM BELOW.
4. THE MASCOT MEMBER OF "SHAMROCK IV.'S" CREW THE LUCKY MONKEY.

ceremony would bring the yacht all the necessary luck. Speaking of luck, he mentioned that when "Shamrock III." sailed for the United States he received twenty-three horseshoes, some tigers' whiskers, a green hen from Pennsylvania, and many other mascots, including Kansas grasshoppers and rabbits' feet! For the forthcoming contest he had received a monkey brought from East Africa by Sir Thomas Dewar; one lady offered a Jumbo elephant, and another her son, who has red hair!

INSIDERS AT THE OUTSIDERS' DERBY: SOCIETY AT EPSOM.



MR. ALFRED VANDERBILT, WELL KNOWN HERE AS "WHIP"; AND HIS
SISTER-IN-LAW, MRS. VANDERBILT.



LADY CONSTANCE GORE, SISTER OF LORD SONDES;
AND HER ELDER DAUGHTER.



LADY FITZWILLIAM; AND MR. SIDNEY
LANE.



THE HON. NEIL PRIMROSE, YOUNGER SON OF LORD ROSEBERY;
AND MR. AND MRS. JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD.

Society, headed by the King and Queen, was present in force at the Derby last week, when the classic race resulted in all the favourites being beaten, and in outsiders taking the first three places. On these two pages we give photographs of some of those who may be called "insiders" of the social circle present at Epsom.

Photographs by C.N. and Topical.

INSIDERS AT THE OUTSIDERS' DERBY: SOCIETY AT EPSOM.



LORD AND LADY CASTLEREAGH, SON AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW
OF LORD LONDONDERRY.



THE HON. MRS. CECIL BINGHAM, DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF LORD LUCAN;
AND LADY DE TRAFFORD.



MR. W. K. D'ARCY'S PRIVATE STAND DURING THE DERBY: A DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. D'Arcy entertained, as usual, a large party in their private stand at Epsom for the Derby. Among the guests were: Lord and Lady Decies, the Dowager Lady Decies, Lord Leigh, Cora Countess of Strafford, Lord and Lady Glanusk, Mrs. Philip D'Arcy, Captain and Mrs. Quintin Dick, Lord and Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox, and Captain Geoffrey Skeffington Smyth.—[Photographs by C.N. and Topical.]

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Paquin, Ltd., 38-39, Dover Street, W.	Model Gown	52 10 0
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Reville & Rossiter, Ltd., 15, Hanover Sq., W.	Gown	52 10 0
Mme. A. M. Hayward, 67-68, New Bond St. W	Gown	52 10 0
Elkington and Co., Ltd., 20-22, Regent St., W.	Table of Plate	52 10 0
Carrington and Co., 130, Regent Street, W.	Diamond and Pearl Pendant	52 10 0
J. C. Vickery, 179-183, Regent Street, W.	Gent's Dressing-Bag	18 10 0
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M. F. Dent, 34, Cockspur Street	Clock	15 0 0
The Misses Pam, 41, New Bond Street	Tea Gown	11 11 0
Swan and Edgar, 39-59, Regent Street, and 9-15, Piccadilly	7 sets of four pair Pyjamas	23 2 0
Pope and Bradley, 14, Old Bond Street, W.	Men's Clothing	105 0 0
Edwards and Sons, 159-161, Regent St., W.	Lady's Purse-Bag	5 5 0
Savoy Tailors' Guild, Savoy Ct., Strand, W.C.	Boots and Hosiery	63 0 0
Tiffany and Co., 221, Regent Street, W.	Rose Bowl	12 12 0
Abdulla and Co., 168, New Bond Street, W.	Cigarettes	131 5 0
De Reszke	Cigarettes	47 5 0
H. L. Savory, Piccadilly, W.	Cigarettes	47 5 0
Benson and Hedges	4 3-guinea Cabinets of Cigarettes	12 12 0
Hatch, Mansfield and Co., 47, Pall Mall	Claret	5 0 0
Cartier, 175-6, New Bond Street, W.		10 0 0
Thrupp and Maberly, Oxford Street	Work on Car Body	30 0 0
"Illustrated London News," Milford Lane, Strand.	2 Helleu Proofs	10 0 0
Mile. Rubinstein, 24, Grafton Street	Treatment and Cosmetics	21 0 0
Meirowitz	Opera Glasses	5 15 6
Jack Jacobus, 39-45, Shaftesbury Avenue	Ladies' Shoes	6 6 0
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Fullers, Ltd., 209, Regent Street, W.	3 Bonbonnières	9 9 0
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Michée Zac, 2, Hanover Ct., Hanover St., W.	Hats	42 0 0
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John Simmons and Sons, 35, Haymarket, W.	Coat and Skirt	20 0 0
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Edouard and Butler, 15d, Clifford Street, W.	12 Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs	
W. Callaghan, New Bond Street, W.	Ladies' Opera-Glasses	10 10 0

N.B.—THE DIP IS FREE: the only payment you are called upon to make is for the ball-ticket and this covers the admission to the Ball and a Champagne Supper. The price of a ticket was three guineas, it is now four; and will certainly be higher. The Ball takes place, in aid of the National Institute for the Blind, on June 25, at the Savoy. Applications for the tickets should be made immediately to Mrs. Carl Leyel, Savoy Hotel, London, W.C.



CLUB POLITICS: THE ATHENÆUM CHANGES: SOCIAL CLUB POLO: A MEXICAN MONOPOLIST.

The Club General Meetings.

Last week and the week before most of the general meetings of the clubs took place, and in many of the older clubs there were serious matters to be considered, for competition is bearing very hardly on the clubs who rely for their existence on the social standing of their members. The Athenæum, I understand, has found it necessary to modify its rules as to the admission of strangers into the club. When the United Service Club, which had been a stronghold of the "die-hard" clubmen, modified its rules—allowed smoking practically all over its house, qualified subalterns for election, and built a house of bed-rooms next door—it was certain that its twin across the square would have to follow, to some extent, its example.

The Most Stiff-Backed of the Clubs.

But the Bishops and the Judges held out against the enemy longer than the Generals and the Admirals did. Smoking was considered, if not a crime, at least a misdemeanour in the Athenæum until the beginning of this century; and the rules as to asking strangers to dine in the club were so obstructive that dinner-parties were very rarely given within its walls. I do not suppose that the members of the Athenæum would even now elect a newly ordained curate, or that they are likely to build an annexe for the entertainment of ladies at Tango suppers, but it is a sign of the times that the most stiff-backed of all the clubs should be obliged to reconsider its rules and regulations.

The Clubs and Polo.

Hurlingham, this year, sent round a whip to most of the great clubs of London, reminding them of the Social Club Polo Tournament, and suggesting that more clubs than usually do so should enter teams. Whether they approached the Athenæum on this matter I do not know, but some of the clubs of equal standing with that venerable institution did make an effort to find four of their members who could play polo, and who possessed polo ponies, in order to make an entry. I went down to Hurlingham to see the final of this tournament played on the day that the Coaching Club paid its annual visit to the great club at Fulham. The Automobile Club, which from amongst its many thousands of members had put into the field an exceedingly good four, met the Cavalry Club, which had the advantage of being represented by the regimental team of the 20th Hussars, all of whom are members of the horse soldiers' club. It seemed to me that, man for man, the men of the wheel were as good players as the men of the sword, but the combination of a regimental team accustomed to play together won the day.

A Wet Afternoon at Ranelagh.

Going on from Hurlingham to Ranelagh on the threatening afternoon on which the Social Club final was played, I found

the golfers enjoying the unusual privilege on a Saturday afternoon of playing over the polo-grounds, for the managers had very wisely decided that they were not to be cut about, in their soft condition, by galloping ponies.

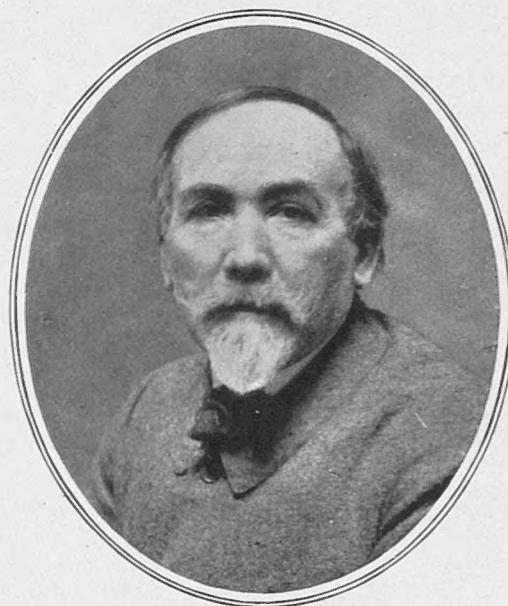
Quite a number of people had driven down, and, as there was no polo that afternoon, sat round two of the croquet-grounds where matches were in progress and saw some very fine play. The band of the Black Watch, which was to have played in the pavilion by the polo-ground, had taken refuge in the big shelter where cold lunches are served, and this was crowded by tea-drinkers listening to the music. Even on a rainy day Ranelagh has its attractions.

White's a Hundred Years Ago.

A century ago, White's very nearly came into royal disfavour owing to a difference of opinion as to the manner in which the invitations to a fête in celebration of the Signature of Peace were to be sent out. The Prince Regent would not go to any entertainment at which his wife, the Princess of Wales, was to be present; but some of the members of the club were anxious that an invitation should be sent to her, thinking that no domestic quarrels should be recognised during the peace celebrations. To the Prince Regent had been confided the invitations to the members of the royal family and the Ambassadors and their suites, but the Prince refused to take any share in organising the fête unless he had the right of veto on any invitations which seemed to him unsuitable. This the club conceded.

A Practical Restaurateur.

A restaurateur whose methods were exceedingly practical has been cut off in Mexico just as his system was producing most satisfactory results. He was a Major in the Mexican army, and was stationed in a provincial town. Seeing no reason why he should not be a man of war and engaged in profitable speculation as well, he opened a restaurant in the town, and, in order to check all possible competition, he put sentries of his regiment over all the other restaurants in the town, with orders to turn away at the point of the bayonet any customers who wished to enter them and to direct them to his establishment. Having thus obtained a monopoly of catering, he raised his prices, and charged a shilling for an egg, two shillings for a bottle of beer, and for other viands and drinks in like proportion. He was rapidly amassing a fortune when, unluckily for him, a mild-mannered man came to lunch in the restaurant, and because of his apparent simplicity was charged double the usual high prices of the restaurant. The mild man happened to be the bosom friend of General Blanquet, the Minister of War, to whom he related his experiences when he visited him at Mexico City. General Blanquet summoned the Major to the capital on military business, and, on his arrival, arrested him and ordered his execution as a warning to other soldiers not to engage in commerce.



HOLDING AN EXHIBITION AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES: ALEXANDRE STEINLEN, FAMOUS FOR HIS POSTERS AND MUCH OTHER WORK.

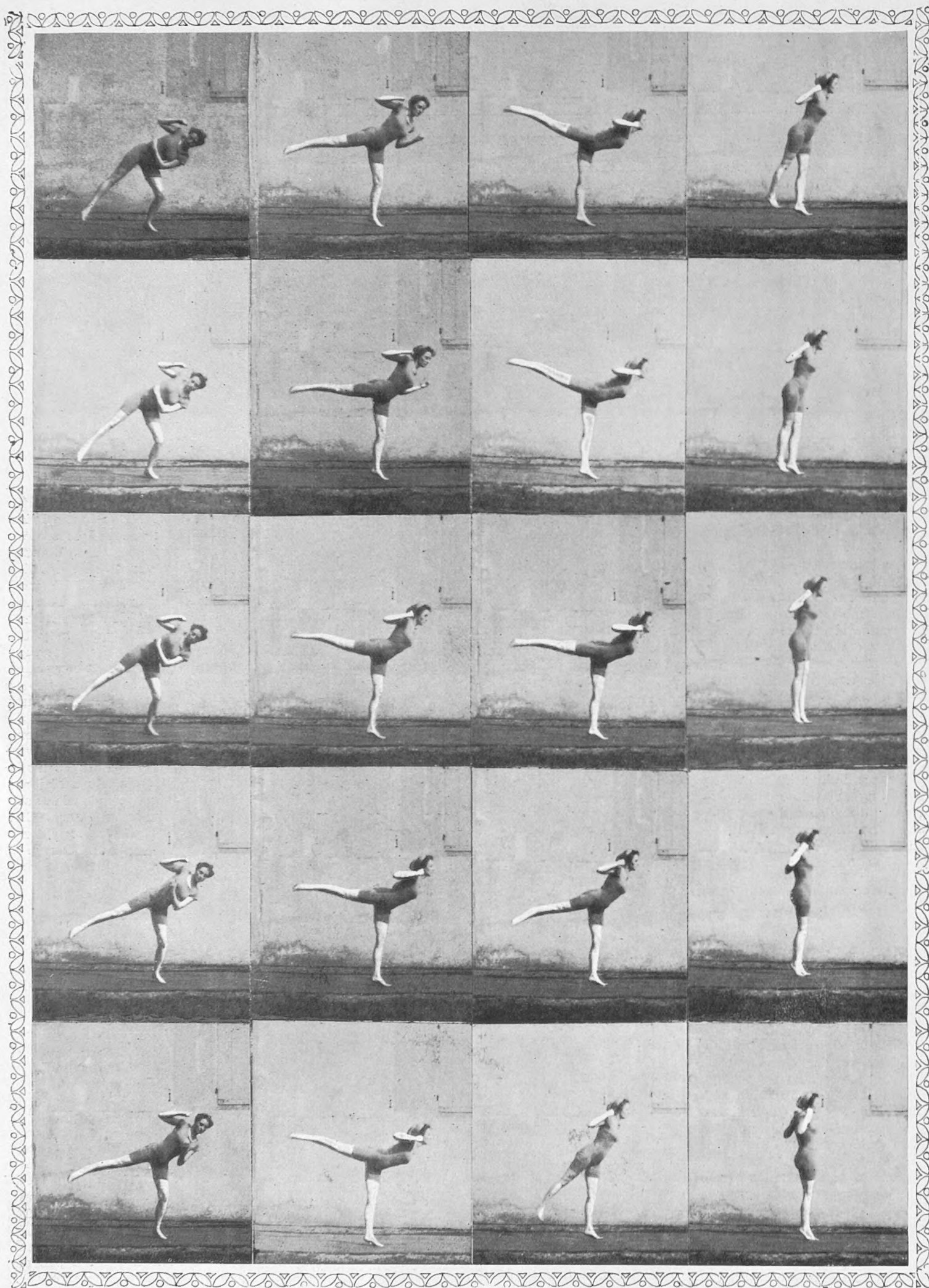
Steinlen, who was born in Switzerland, made his reputation in Paris, thanks to illustrations in "Le Rire," "Gil Blas," and other papers, posters and advertisements, song-covers, and many well-known lithographs, etchings, and drawings.—[Photograph by Hoppé.]



VERY LIKE BIBENDUM! A CORN-BIN IN TOGOLAND.

This photograph was taken by Major Hans Schomburgk, who has just been through Togoland with a cinematograph camera.

TENSION! A MODERN EXPONENT OF ANCIENT GREEK GRACE.



A LOST SECRET OF ANTIQUITY REVEALED: CINEMA PHOTOGRAPHS OF EXERCISES IN MRS. ROGER WATTS' SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

In her charming book, "The Renaissance of the Greek Ideal," Mrs. Roger Watts writes: "Of all the lost secrets of antiquity, perhaps the most important is that which produced the enormous physical superiority of the Greeks. . . . The secret consists in a condition of the muscles totally different from any realised by athletes since the time of the Greeks, a condition of *Tension*." Again, "The most noticeable

result of the condition of tension in the Greeks was the invariable slimness of hip, not only in the men but in the women also. This was due to the proper development of the waist muscles and those of the back." Mrs. Watts' book is abundantly illustrated by photographs, including sixteen cinematographic series showing exercises used in her system of physical culture. We reproduce a part of Series No. 14.

Reproduced from "The Renaissance of the Greek Ideal," by Diana Watts (Mrs. Roger Watts), by courtesy of the publisher Mr. William Heinemann.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



COUNTESS INA MARIE BASSEWITZ—FOR BEING ACCEPTED AS A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ELECT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

The marriage of Prince Oscar of Prussia, the Kaiser's fifth son, to Countess Ina Marie Bassewitz will, it is said, be the first morganatic union in the Hohenzollern family since 1853. The Emperor's consent is understood to have been given at the persuasion of the Empress.—The Earl of Lisburne recently



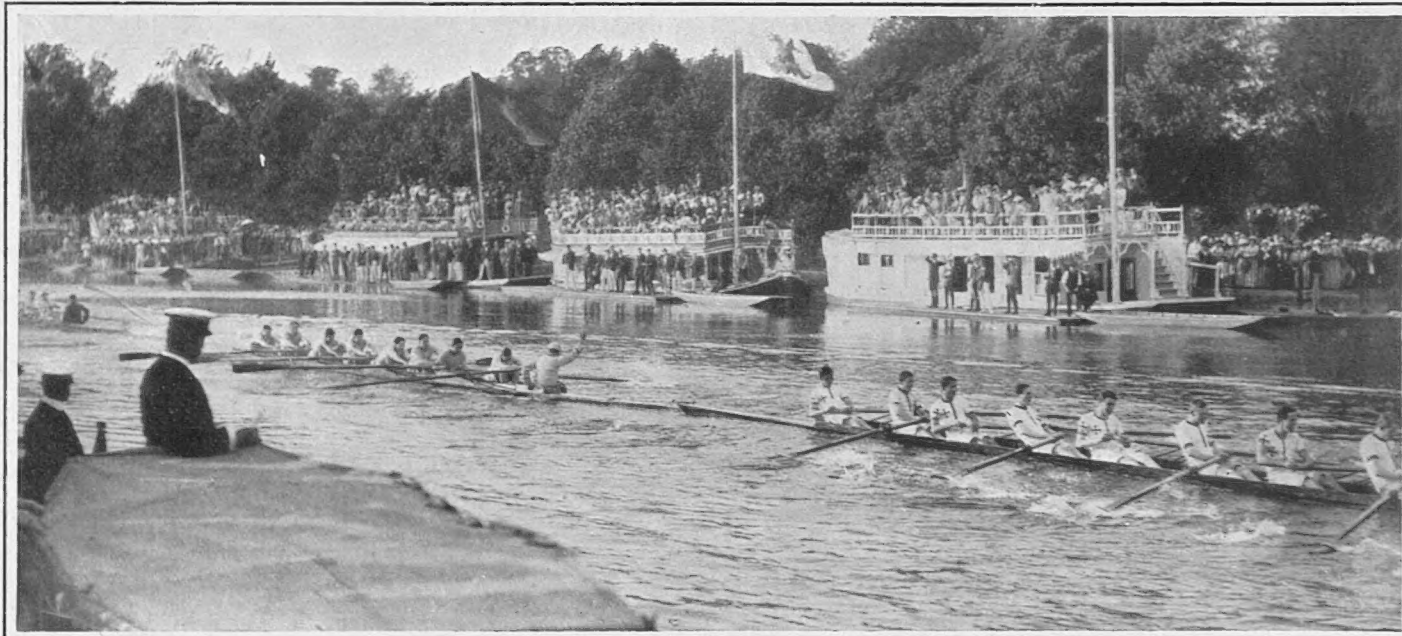
PRINCE OSCAR OF PRUSSIA—FOR DARING TO REVIVE THE MORGANATIC MARRIAGE IN THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN.

became engaged to Señorita de Bittencourt, elder daughter of Don Julio de Bittencourt, an Attaché of the Chilian Legation. Her portrait appears on another page. Lord Lisburne is of an ancient Welsh family, and traces his descent from Collwyn ap Tangno.

Photographs by C.N. and Lafayette.



THE EARL OF LISBURN—FOR PREPARING TO GIVE COLLWYN AP TANGNO A CHARMING NEW CHILIAN RELATIVE.



THE "UNIV." CREW (ON THE RIGHT)—FOR GOING HEAD OF THE RIVER AT OXFORD FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR TWELVE YEARS.

In the Eights Week races at Oxford, held recently, the crew of University College—popularly known as "Univ."—were triumphant. They bumped Christ Church, Magdalen, and New College successively on the first three days, thus

rising from fourth place to head of the river, which proud position they retained. They held it last in 1902. Our photograph shows them bumping Christ Church.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



SIGNOR CARUSO—FOR GETTING OUT SOME NOTES AT HENDON HIGHER THAN HE EVER DOES AT COVENT GARDEN.

Signor Caruso was delighted with his first experience in flying, at Hendon the other day. He went up 800 feet with Mr. Grahame-White, and, it is said, tried some notes while in the air. On alighting he exclaimed: "E magnifico!"



MR. H. B. DURYEA—FOR HOLDING A DURBAR AT EPSOM WHICH MADE AN INDEL(H)IBLE IMPRESSION ON THE KING.

magnifico!"—We need hardly recall the fact that the Derby was won by Mr. H. B. Duryea's Durbar II., ridden by M. Macgee. Our photograph shows the proud owner leading in the winner. The King was present at Epsom.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau and Farrington Photo. Co.



LE CAMÉLIA AUX "DAMNS": A DETECTIVE PLAY WITH MANY SWEARS.

The Camellia. Somehow the camellia, which plays a great part—indeed, the leading part—in "Grumpy," seems to date the piece, and tends to show how radically old-fashioned it is. I hasten to say that playgoers find it a delightful entertainment. For that cold flower—introduced to Europe, I believe, by Camellus, otherwise Kamel—though in fashion when I was a boy, can no longer be regarded as modish. The stately blooms with handsome leaves bring to my mind "La Dame aux Camélias," and the spanking I got in my youth for reading a cheap translation in secret. What a wonderful vogue that extraordinary piece of special pleading has enjoyed! If some millionaire would but give me a shilling for every performance of it that has taken place, I could buy that small cottage in the country near a golf links and a little bit of fishing for which my soul yearns, and would weary the readers of *The Sketch* no more. Did Heine say that the flower was *comme une jolie femme sans esprit* because it lacked perfume, or was it someone else? And why do the French sometimes write it with

even when cut, you and I could not tell from an imitation, though we think we could—represents as much money as eighteen hundred working men earn in a year.

Mr. "Grumpy" Maude.

Up to now I have hardly mentioned Grumpy, otherwise old Mr. Bullivant, likewise Mr. Cyril Maude, who in the part gives one of the most successful performances of his career, and utters more "damns" than I can recollect in any one play. The worst of it is that, whilst admitting the great skill of his acting in the part, I never in his case feel the illusion of age, for, you see, we were at Charterhouse together, where he seemed a peculiarly youthful boy and distinguished himself in the school theatricals, and when I looked at him the other night through a remarkable make-up which caused him in the eyes of the rest almost to resemble a mummy, I saw in my mind the chubby, eager boy's face and the little figure in Eton jacket and collar. Yet I like him best in old-man parts, and so, I fancy, does the public.



GRUMPY WITH SUSAN UNDER CROSS-EXAMINATION: MR. JOHN HARWOOD AS RUDDOCK, GRUMPY'S VALET; MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS "GRUMPY"; AND MISS MAUD ANDREW AS SUSAN.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

one "l," sometimes two, and stick an accent aigu on the "e"? Thank goodness, we do not use accents when writing English. They cause lots of trouble in France, though every Frenchman will tell you that he never makes a mistake in using them. In the French that I have to write pretty often I never make a mistake in this respect, for my accents bend not to the right nor to the left, I neither slice them nor pull them, and so nobody can tell whether I am right or wrong. Of course, this does not apply to the *circonflexe*—that funny little thing like a Chinese hat—but a trifling knowledge of French odd spelling keeps one correct. No doubt we have the *tréma*, which we call the diæresis—a name which shows that we do not love it but use it rarely; and I am not sure that it is, strictly speaking, an accent. It was a camellia—one of the white ones, not the pink, which are much jollier, though both of them look rather like the ornaments cut out of carrots or turnips which were formerly used to decorate dishes—that prevented Virginia Bullivant from making a serious mistake. A camellia and a hair from Susan's pretty crop, and there was also the diamond. It was a big diamond, a ninety-thousand-pounder—not, of course, in weight—which, in the opinion of old Grumpy, looked in its uncut state like a lump of soda. How many carats it weighed, whether by the old or the newly standardised measure, we were not told. Master Ernest Heron was carrying the crystallised carbon about, and a very uncomfortable burden it was. What a wonderful world it is where a bit of crystal—which,

As Grumpy, partly owing to some turns in the dialogue, he kept bringing Mr. George Graves into my thoughts quite irresistibly, but not, of course, in the sentimental passages, which he handled quite charmingly. Shall I tell you the plot of "Grumpy"? I think not; the quite ingenious melodrama of Messrs. Horace Hodges and Wigney Percyval is not the sort of thing for cold print. In a detective-story play the intrigue must be very simple and obvious.

The Rest of the Team.

The story about the robbery of the diamond, the discovery of the criminal by the white camellia and the thread of hair, is very well acted, and delights the audience. To begin with, there is Mr. Cyril Maude at his best; and Miss Margery Maude, charming as the butterfly Virginia who wants to sow a few entirely virtuous wild oats before she gets married. The part of Susan, whose hair holds the villain as securely as a hair from the tail of a living white stallion holds a big Lea roach at the end of a skilled angler's eighteen-foot pole and twelve inches of thread, is played very cleverly by Miss Maude Andrew. The villain, quite a gentleman-like fellow, though his notions about property are incorrect, is rendered excellently by Mr. Montagu Love. Ruddock, the amiable, tactful butler of old Grumpy, was presented ably by Mr. John Harwood. "Grumpy" may not be a great play, or a valuable contribution to current drama, but it is certainly a capital entertainment. — E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "GRUMPY," AT THE NEW.



THE DRAMATIC-COMEDY OF THE OLD K.C., THE BIG DIAMOND, AND THE CAMELLIA
WITH THE HAIR-BOUND STALK: PEOPLE OF THE PLAY.

"Grumpy," which is being played at the New Theatre, shows how Andrew Bullivant, an octogenarian K.C., commonly called "Grumpy," tracks down a man who has stolen a big diamond. He is aided in his investigations by a camellia which has a strand of a woman's hair bound round its stalk.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

A NEW STAR FROM THE WEST.

MISS ELSIE JANIS.

IN the wings of the Palace Theatre people and things move briskly, but nobody and nothing so briskly as Miss Elsie Janis. The limelight men who clamber over one's shoulders to their steep iron stairway, the scene-shifters who wake up every twenty-five minutes to do incredible things with the landscape, the stage-manager who gesticulates, the bustling ambassadors of Clarkson, and the hundred ladies of the chorus, are all lively in their different ways. When Mr. Playfair rushes hither and thither to keep tryst with his dresser, and everybody contrives to get out of his way, the movement behind is good to see. But it is the movement of hard work. It might be measured by horse-power. When the leading lady wanders on, the liveliness is of a new order.

The Hairpins.

Miss Elsie Janis's triumph is not the triumph of a chorus-girl promoted. The girls who fill the wings while she performs are different with all the difference of human personality. They are, moreover, loaded with paint and conventions and marching orders. Miss Janis is a free-lance, and wholly unenamelled. There is a reckless naturalness about her performance which sets the world wondering why the stage ever takes the trouble to be artificial. She tells me she never learned to sing or act or dance. I hope she never will learn, for lessons, if they succeeded, would be the undoing of her. A teacher would endeavour to persuade her to behave like other people, and show her how to do her hair up so that it would not fall down in the middle of a song. The hair comes down, the hairpins are scattered; and, later, she finds them as she needs them. Or is the business of the hairpins (I saw none fall in her drawing-room in South Street) a piece of nightly "swank"? If it is, it is better "swank" than can be learned in the theatrical academies.

Bread-and-Butter.

Miss Janis was born in Columbus, Ohio, and is, if you see her outside the Palace, a typical girl of the Middle West. For several summers she has deluded England into regarding her as a girl from Ohio, and nothing more. England has been the place where she has spent her holidays. She, her mother, and a motor-car have crossed the Atlantic regularly for the last few years, and in South Street, Park Lane, where they are installed among English footmen and flowers and fires, there is still the holiday air with which Americans invade Mayfair. This year Miss Janis and

her mother were coming to London for their vacation as usual when Mr. Butt intervened. "Come to the Palace; we want you," he said. "At my American salary, of course?" she answered. "That would be unheard-of." "Then I will come for nothing," she decreed, "until you have learned what I am worth in England." Four days after her first appearance Mr. Butt's conscience was agitated. He had changed his mind: "We can stand the American salary," he told her.

The Ambition.

These and other details I heard over the pretty tea-cups in South Street. When I learned of the Palace adventure, I asked for others. But in America Miss Janis has not been invited to take risks. Her triumphs, since the time when President McKinley invited her as quite a young girl to perform at the White House, have been consistent. "She's my only child," said Mrs. Janis. "And she my only mother," laughed the daughter. They have been together since the beginning, and the conquest of London was a joint ambition. "She wanted to make her name as famous here as it is at home," said the one. "But I haven't, because they will mispronounce it," said the other. "When I ring up on the telephone and say 'Janis,' they think it's 'Jonas,' or 'Wemyss,' or 'Guinness.'" "Jane-iss" is the usual mistake, though the first syllable, naturally enough, should be pronounced like the first syllable of January.

London Impressions.

Though she is welcomed by the Lyceum Club, and has been enrolled by her countrywoman, the Duchess of Marlborough, for a Sunderland House performance, Miss Janis desires no Publicity Department beyond the stage. She does not rush from the Palace to the Savoy, or go dancing on till dawn in the Great World that keeps peculiar hours. But I have a notion that if she did not dance on the boards she would be less negligent of invitations; dancing of some sort is, I judge, a constitutional need with her. I take her word for it that she is a recluse, though perhaps she feared that Fleet Street would be on her gay heels for charity performances if she did not do a little play-acting before its representatives. Of London she says the nice things that all Americans say; and all Londoners she likes, except interviewers. When it comes to talking of love, she turns to the absurdly small Mexican dog she carries on a tiny wrist.



AT THE PALACE—AND AT HER AMERICAN SALARY: MISS ELSIE JANIS AS KITTY O'HARA, AN IRISH COLLEEN, THE MOVING SPIRIT OF "THE PASSING SHOW."

Miss Elsie Janis was unknown to the London stage before she made her great success in "The Passing Show" at the Palace Theatre, but by no means unknown in the States. As recounted on this page, Mr. Alfred Butt at first demurred to paying her American salary, but four days sufficed to convince him that she was worth it. At the Palace she appears in one scene as Hermia in a travesty of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and she also gives some extremely clever imitations.

AMERICAN GIRLS FOR GAIETY; "GAIETIES" FOR EMPIRE.



1. THE TEN BRIDESMAIDS OF "ADÈLE": CHARMING AMERICANS WHO ARE APPEARING IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE GAIETY.
2. MISS PEGGY NADINE—FOR THE EMPIRE.
3. MISS MARJORIE SARGENT—FOR THE EMPIRE.

4. MISS DIANA DERING—FOR THE EMPIRE.
5. MISS MOLLIE DAUNTTON—FOR THE EMPIRE.
6. MISS NINA RAYMOND—FOR THE EMPIRE.
7. MISS WINIFRED GRIFFITHS—FOR THE EMPIRE.
8. MISS EVIE GODDARD—FOR THE EMPIRE.

The Gaiety Theatre is in possession of "Adèle," a musical comedy presented by Mr. Joseph P. Bickerton jun., of the United States. A special English "book" has been prepared for the production here, which reminds one of the famous shop-notice in London: "American spoken here"! The music is by Jean Briquet. Thus, for

a while, American girls replace the Gaiety girls on their native heath. Meantime, the ladies of the chorus of "After the Girl" (the predecessor of "Adèle" at the Gaiety) have migrated in a body to the Empire, and they will appear in the new revue at that theatre, which is due to begin on June 10.

Photograph No. 1 by Alfieri; No. 5 by Adelpi Studios; Nos. 6 and 8 by Abdey; No. 7 by Garratt.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

THE Marlborough House nightingale was an illusion. Queen Alexandra, it seems, was not so easily deceived as the daily journalist—straight from the roar of the machines in Fleet Street—who mistook a whistling workman for Philomel. Americans, by the way, are like some Londoners, notably unlearned in the singers of our countryside; and Mrs. Jack Leslie has a charming story of an American relative who is now spending a first summer in England. The fair visitor, who comes from a State where no birds sing, was in Sussex last week, and, hearing "Cuckoo" somewhere in the distance, started counting. "What a crazy English clock," she exclaimed, getting to thirteen; "it doesn't know enough to stop!"

A Day of Suspense.

The Admiralty telephones were busy last week. "What can be done?" was a query that came a dozen times in one morning from a dozen voices, all inspired by the notion that the First Lord was the person to appeal to in regard to Hamel. And Mr. Churchill needed no spurring. Most of the time he was himself at the receiver, and more than one friend who hoped for nothing more than a perfunctory answer from a clerk found herself

put straight through to the Chief and provided with all the latest news from Sheerness, Dungeness, and Dover. A personal friend of Mr. Hamel, Mr. Churchill, even while in the House, kept in touch over the 'phone with the officers directing the flotillas of searching destroyers.

"The Dead Cert."

Anxiety was acute among those who had flown with Mr. Hamel. For Lady Victoria Pery—who had flown so much with him that she had almost come to believe in the mascot—the idea of a fatal accident was particularly painful. Lady Victoria had been flying, off and on, for

TO MARRY LIEUTENANT GRIFFITH W. N. BOYNTON, R.N.: MISS NAOMI NIGHTINGALE.

Miss Nightingale is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. Ethelston Nightingale, of Cornwell Road, and grand-daughter of the late Sir Henry Nightingale, Bt.

Photograph by Sarony.

over a year, and "the dead cert." as she used to call it, of final disaster had seemed to grow less and less certain every time she made an ascent. She was the first lady passenger to loop the loop with Hamel, but she was quickly followed by Lady Dudley, Mrs. Hart Davies, Miss Isobel Elsom, and Miss Nellie Hozier, sister of Mrs. Winston Churchill.

Heavenly Reversing.

Anxiety for Hamel was not confined to the little group of people who had flown with him. During the last year he frequently dined out for aviation, and danced out as well. At house-parties, even when he did not turn up with his monoplane, he was always welcome, and, like many men greatly distinguished for one thing, he showed that he rather plumed himself on distinguishing himself in something else. When a girl, who knew nothing of his aerial achievements, said, at a dance, "Your reversing is heavenly," he was more gratified than by all the talk of his leaps and tangoes—or heavenly reversing—in the air.

Rings Going Begging.

London, and the Season, is not to have the pleasure of seeing Lady Rachel Stuart-Wortley married. The wedding is now fixed for July 9, and will take place at Wortley, near Sheffield. As chance has it, London and the Season are being cheated of many particularly exciting events of the sort, and there is a feeling that the great world is not quite doing its duty in regard to the making of new fixtures. But there is still time, and one firm of Piccadilly jewellers is busy advertising engagement-rings, and hardly anything but engagement-rings, in the *Times*. Let it be hoped that the way will be paved for a substantial announcement of wedding presents!



TO MARRY MISS D. LEYLAND ON THE 6TH: MR. GEOFFREY LAMBTON.

Mr. Lambton, of the Coldstreams, is the second son of the Hon. Frederick William and Mrs. Lambton. His father is the twin brother of the Earl of Durham. — [Photograph by Langflier.]

"Golly, What a Club!"

The Athenæum—"Golly, what a club!" the stray young man said—has done well to modify some of its hard-and-fast regulations for the exclusion of strangers. Sir J. M. Barrie's story of his first day as a member is old, but typical of an impossible régime. "Can you tell me, Sir, the way to the smoking-room?" he asked an old gentleman in the hall. "Indeed, I shall be happy," was the reply; and Sir James was conducted not only to the smoking-room, but to all the other apartments. "You are too good," protested the novelist, as he followed his venerable guide. "Indeed I am not," answered the other; "here is my own armchair for you, and now I want you to honour me by being my guest at dinner." "But why? You don't know me from Adam," said Barrie. "I have been a member for twenty-five years," explained the other, "and you are the first man who has ever spoken to me."

Prince Maurice's Fines.

The magistrates have been dealing with an epidemic of motor cases. One of the richest men in London was fined four pounds the other day for driving into a police trap, and Prince Maurice of Battenberg fell a victim to the zeal of the Force. "You fellows are always on the alert on race-days," he is said to have said reproachfully to the man with the forbidding hand. His words suggested a certain familiarity with the processes of the law, but his Royal Highness was dealt with as a first offender.

Turf Superstition.

Prince Maurice of Battenberg's excessive speed on the road on the eve of the Derby was looked upon by the superstitious as a subtle indication that Royalty could "go the pace," and Brakespear found new backers in consequence. Of such stuff is the wisdom of the Turf! But far more foolish than this haphazard backing were the bets made on the supposition that the King's horse was certain to win. Such an assumption was no doubt based on sentiments of loyalty, and the wish was father to the thought. The faith of those who hazarded their money upon it did, perhaps, more credit to their patriotism than to their prudence.



ENGAGED TO MR. G. N. FOSTER, THE TRIPLE BLUE: MISS VERA PREST.

Miss Prest is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Prest, of Ravensworth, Beckenham.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MR. GEOFFREY LAMBTON: MISS D. LEYLAND.

Miss Leyland is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher J. Leyland, of Haggerston Castle, Northumberland.

Photograph by Langflier.



ENGAGED TO MISS VERA PREST: MR. G. N. FOSTER.

Mr. Foster is an Oxford Triple Blue and one of the famous sporting Foster family, son of the Rev. H. and Mrs. Foster, of The College, Malvern.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MISS NAOMI NIGHTINGALE ON THE 6TH: LIEUTENANT G. W. N. BOYNTON, R.N.

Lieutenant Boynton is the only son of Sir Griffith Boynton, Bt., and Lady Boynton, of Barnston, Yorks. — [Photograph by Sarony.]

DAUGHTER OF LORD ESHER AND WIFE OF A RAJAH'S HEIR.



1. ELIZABETH, YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE RANEE MUDAH OF SARAWAK.
2. LEONORA, ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE RANEE MUDAH OF SARAWAK.

The Ranee Mudah of Sarawak was known before her marriage to the Rajah of Sarawak's heir, which took place in 1911, as the Hon. Sylvia Brett, and is the younger daughter of Lord Esher. She has two children: Leonora, born in 1911; and Elizabeth, born in 1913. Her husband, His Highness Charles Vyner Brooke,

3. WIFE TO THE HEIR OF THE RAJAH OF SARAWAK: THE RANEE MUDAH OF SARAWAK.

Rajah Mudah of Sarawak, was born in London in 1874, and, after education at Clevedon, Winchester, and Magdalene, College, Cambridge, joined his father in Sarawak to study under him the duties of government. He has led several expeditions into the far interior of the country, to punish head-hunters.—[Photographs by Rita Martin.]



BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

I WAS almost at a loss to account for the facts that the newspapers have taken to writing regularly about men's fashions and that tailors have embarked on a campaign of advertising just at the very time when, according to aged and apparently truthful observers, clothes were never worn less carefully and less consciously by the vast majority of my fellow-males. Personally I am forced to walk in Piccadilly and Bond Street too regularly to know of my own memory that a vast change has come over the sartorial rectitude of these two thoroughfares of fashion, but I am willing to take other people's word for it that ten years ago one would as soon have gone to one's business in a white flannel coat as have been seen strolling during the season in the sacred neighbourhood in a billycock hat and a "lounge suit." Morning-coats or frock-coats and silk hats were an essential uniform of the man with any pretensions to fashion. They may not have looked very nice, those clothes; they hadn't the jolly lines of even the less ambitious of our clothes to-day, but there they were, dark and glossy, very precise and pompous, very respectable. The clothes worn by young men to-day may look very well, and no doubt are far more comfortable, but they certainly don't look specially respectable.

Assuredly, things were different in the early 'nineties, but I fancy that, in spite of the aged observer, men, at least young men, do wear and choose their clothes far more consciously and carefully than was the habit of their twenty-year-old brothers. In one of those delightful papers with which Mr. Walkley used to make the early *Star* scintillate more brightly, I recall that he deplored the fact that men were so thoughtless as to what they wore. You often saw the most shocking coats and ties, he said, walking with the most attractive and fashionable dresses. He called for some kind of reform, a more serious masculine conscience in these matters. Well, I am afraid that the more serious masculine conscience is still to seek. Men don't dress their parts as they should. The fact that a man is going out with the smartest frock that the Rue de la Paix or Bond Street has turned out doesn't of necessity, of conscience, make him search his wardrobe for his most serious and ceremonial garb. The truth is that the modern young man dresses to please himself and to attract the attention of his fellows. He has many more suits and is willing to take a chance with all sorts of weird or unusual colours,

but he aims first at comfort and at his own display; he doesn't think of what will "go" with the clothes of the woman with whom he is to walk or drive. Moreover, a morning-coat and a silk hat, besides being less comfortable, don't lend themselves to much variety or to the play of individual fancy.

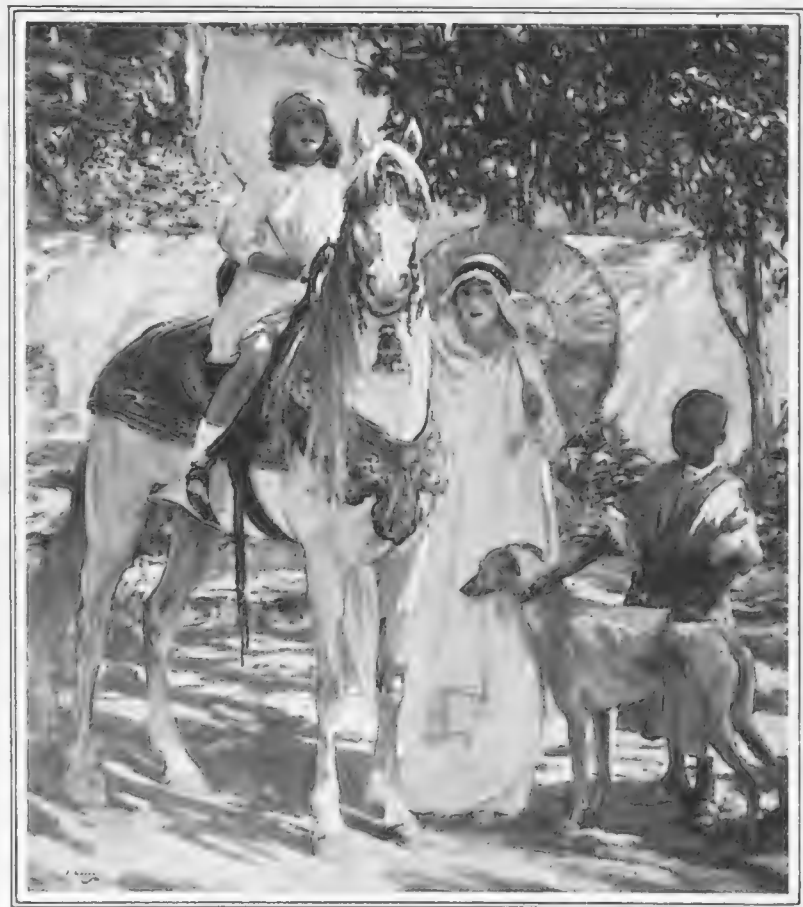
Of course, our instructors of youth are a little to blame. The schoolmaster doesn't seem to care much about the tidiness and suitability of his pupils' appearance. And as for young Oxford... I wonder it troubles to dress at all. A suit of pyjamas would be about as seemly and suitable as the clothes in which it goes about its daily work and play. "C. L. G." deals parenthetically with the subject in a recent *Spectator* in a jolly poem, "Oxford in May." He pictures the average undergraduate as strolling about the town "in tweeds that clamour for repair." But

I am afraid that the average undergraduate to-day is unlikely to trouble about the *Spectator's* opinion. Certainly it is not for the Oxford and Cambridge reader that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Evening Standard*, the *Observer*, and the *Sunday Times* write week by week of the changes that take place or which threaten to take place with such alarming frequency in the way that men dress themselves. Nor is it for him that those cunning, alluring advertisements are written, advertisements that sometimes make it difficult to remain faithful to one's own tailor.

And that brings me back to where I started. Apart from the fact that newspapers are necessarily and naturally to some extent influenced in these matters by the quality and extent of their advertisements, I am sure that the reason why editors, even in these days of sartorial slackness, find it worth while to devote columns to descriptions of the new overcoats or the new straw hats is that men are more interested in such subjects, think and talk more about them, are more curious about them. There is less uniformity—and there is more money, much more money spent, and there is more time spent too. Not at Oxford or at Cambridge, but in London, dressing oneself has become an amusement, a new distraction. And so, although there may be fewer silk hats in Piccadilly, and no frock-coats in Bond Street, there is a constant procession of experiments in Mincing Lane and Throgmorton Street. Every man is a law to himself, and if he be young and amused with life he finds all these experiments, all these new and fleeting fashions, rather costly. And in the result it pays the tailor to advertise.



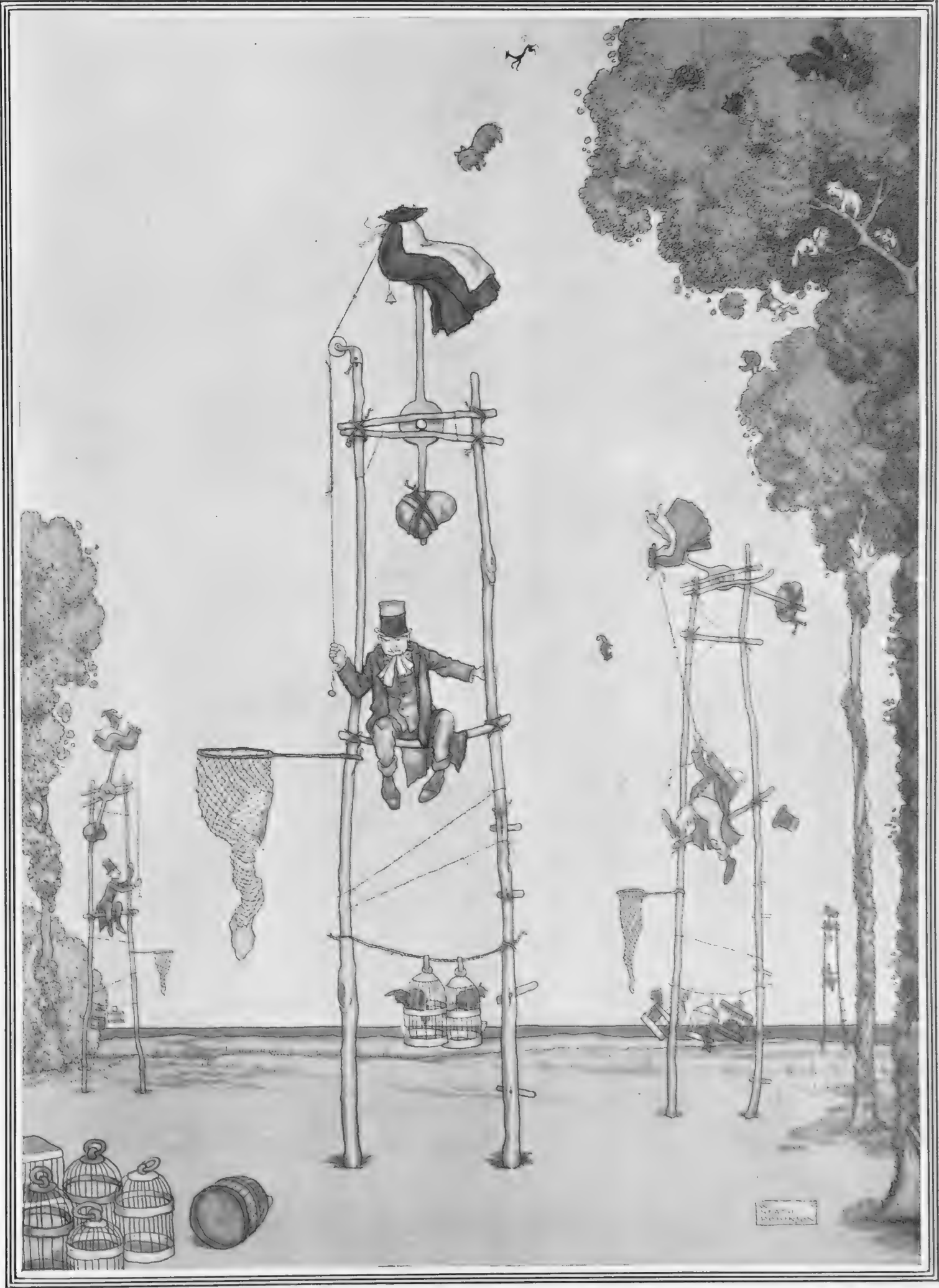
A FAMOUS A.R.A. RIDING AT TANGIER: MR. JOHN LAVERY (WHO IS GIVING A RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION OF HIS WORKS) AND HIS STEP-DAUGHTER.



PORTRAITS OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE AND OF HIS STEP-DAUGHTER MR. JOHN LAVERY'S "IN MOROCCO," PAINTED THIS YEAR.

Mr. John Lavery, the well-known A.R.A., is having an exhibition of his works at the Grosvenor Gallery, beginning on June 8. It is certain to attract much attention.—[Photo, Dixon.]

“The Sketch” Supplement to the “Encyclopædia of Sport”!



IV.—LURING WILD LAP-DOGS BY THE MULL OF CANTIRE.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOLITIES

CHIPPED IDOLS: BRITTLE—VERY! BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London", and "Phrynette Married."

MR. ZANGWILL'S plays always make me feel as if, rubbing my eyes and looking at the calendar, I should discover suddenly that it is not 1914, or that the people in the plays have no business to wear modern clothes and talk over the telephone! I suppose there exist such anachronistic fanatics as those which Mr. Zangwill shows us in his new comedy, "Plaster Saints," and that if I have never met them it is that I do not know sufficient people, or people sufficiently; neither do I regret it. I'd rather share salt with sinners at every meal than have to sustain the friendship and deserve the approbation of such spiritual sticks as Sir John Archmundham, Lay Head of the Congregation, or Hannah Vaughan, the Minister's wife!

"Plaster Saints" is in truth a tragedy and not a comedy, in spite of its title and its two final weddings. It is the tragedy of a wife who has weaved a nimbus around her husband's head, as if there were any nimbus other than the sun on the hair of the beloved—be he a saint or a satyr—which every man is in turn. Hannah Vaughan's whole faith was deposited at Heaven and Co.'s—the Co. being her husband and spiritual standard, Dr. Rodney Vaughan. Her conjugal bankruptcy came when she discovered the man she worshipped was a seducer, an adulterer—and a liar. To a real human wife the blow must have been a stunning one, just there above the stays, on the undefended part, the dam of life—the miniature torture-chamber. It was such a blow as to bleed your heart to death. It hit Hannah Vaughan on her conscience. She thought and spoke of the deceit on the congregation, and of the offence to the Lord! As if anything mattered when one's love is on the rack! Who could say in the same breath: "Good-bye for ever, dearest," and don't forget to put out the electric light when

I am gone!"

Light, spiritual or electric! Can she think of light—she who is blinded by tears and can see nothing but a black hole wherein she slides slowly? Hannah Vaughan did not love her husband. Hardly any woman knows how to love her man. She loves some things in him, instead of loving him in all things. If Hannah had loved her husband she should have worshipped God because he gave Rodney to her, as one is thankful to the mother of the man one loves. She should have been thoughtful of the congregation because it was Rodney's flock, and his purpose, and his bread-and-butter, as

What a practical, well-ordered, peaceful lot that of those who can weigh and give love according to deserts! Hannah loved her husband because she thought him good—instead of loving goodness because he possessed it, as she should have loved wickedness had it been his. However great any man's work, a true woman who truly loves will place the man before his work, as surely as she will help him in his work and sacrifice herself for his work. The man first—the Master, the Hero, afterwards. Is not any loved man, *de facto*, a hero, and a master in his own rights?

And to come back to the play, would any father, except a bully and a tyrant, refuse happiness to his own dear daughter—or what she considered happiness; that is to say, her marriage with a man of her choice—for the extraordinary reason that that man's sister had made him an uncle, without priest, papers, registrars and orange-blossom? Or

would that same tyrant quickly allow the wedding on learning that the babe's mother had espoused a father for her child? I do not quite understand; does it mean that the newly acquired husband is going to do away with the child? If not, and if the obstacle was the child—the obstacle is still there! Some people's morals are too complex for an amoral simplist like myself. And we were not told what was wrong with the babe, though I vaguely gathered there was something wrong. We were not told that it was an ugly child, or a weakly one, or even that it was bad-tempered and mewed at night when its mummy, poor soul, wanted to escape life for a few moments. True, its christening, it is said, preceded her wedding, but, of course, that cannot be the reason!

Uncanny, unreal pair that Hannah Vaughan and Sir John Archmundham! Miss Grace Lane manages most successfully to express by her voice, her manner, her stoop, and even her frock of a faded green, the anæmic virtue and the tepid temperament. The contrast was a powerful one between her and the Dr. Rodney Vaughan of Mr. Edward Sass, whose vitality rendered comprehensible and excusable his manhood, and, together with it, his sin and his struggle.

It was a great pity that Mr. Harold Chapin had not a part worthy of his many-sided talent. He could only show, as the son of Sir John Archmundham, his usual naturalness and spontaneity, but his great emotional power had no scope. Mr. Zangwill is a great writer, but he has no sense of humour; why does he not let Mr. Chapin write his dialogues for him?

"Plaster Saints" was very well acted all round, and what a healthy, splendid sample of young womanhood beautiful Miss Ernita Lascelles is as the girl who put her two feet down!



A PARTICULARLY PLEASING WEDDING-PHOTOGRAPH: CAPTAIN AND MRS. KIRBY.

The bride was Miss Doris Walker, and is the daughter of Mr. Monro Walker, of Pell Wall, Market Drayton, and niece of Sir Peter Walker, Colonel Hall Walker, and the Countess of Kingston. Captain William Lewis Kirby, the bridegroom, is the eldest son of the late Mr. W. Kirby, of Caversham, Oxford. He is in the 12th Lancers.—[Photograph by Topical.]

she would be careful of his slippers because they were for his dear feet. To love is just to love—nothing more—without purpose, without condition, obstinately, irremediably, because one can't help it. Curious people those who can serve up their love on scales!—love on one side, the reasons why one should be loved on the other!



STAGE FAVOURITES AND THEIR BABY DAUGHTER: MR. ROBERT MICHAELIS AND MRS. MICHAELIS (MISS PHYLLIS LE GRAND) AT THE BAPTISM OF THEIR CHILD.

The wedding of Miss Phyllis Le Grand and Mr. Robert Michaelis, who is now playing in "The Marriage Market," at Daly's, took place last year.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

TO HEAR THE BACILLUS ROAR?



THE PROFESSOR: Well, my dear young lady, if you are interested, I shall be only too pleased to show you my bacilli.
THE DEAR YOUNG LADY: Oh, Professor, how ripping! And may I come at feeding time?

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



THE WRITING ON THE WHITE SHEET: THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE EXPLAINED.*

A Young Dog Frisking.

There was a day when the German Crown Prince was called a white sheet: time and circumstance had not set their marks on the blank page. Now things are different: there is material for a volume. What manner of man is this young Prince who will be at the head of the German people — dwellers no longer in a mere "geographical expression," as the worn-out taunt ran? From the evidence of the book before us, one who has all those qualities which make for popularity, some of those which lead to misunderstandings, many which are of his years and will undergo maturing. "Bismarck once tried to account for the puzzling vagaries of his 'new master,' the present Kaiser, by comparing him to 'a young dog frisking in the sun,' and the words are still more applicable to the Kaiser's heir, who is full of the spirit of youthful frolic—even when he goes to the Reichstag to listen to a high political debate."

Imperial "Carpenter" must be under- to "Clerk." stood that the Crown Prince has his serious and practical side. His upbringing has assured that. As a boy at Ploen, he learned "To plough and sow, and reap and mow, And be a farmer's boy." In other words, he, in company with his brothers August William and Oscar, and half-a-dozen of their fellows, had to work a farm and make it pay. At the same time, he was "put to" carpentering, just as his grandfather, Kaiser Frederick, had been put to book-binding. Later, he was taught his soldiering, and was initiated into the details of civil administration. "He had to begin at the beginning . . . by getting himself attached for a preliminary period of six months to the administrative chief of the Potsdam district to be schooled in all the details of local government. After that he was put to spend the best and brightest period of his life . . . in drudging like a City clerk on a three-legged stool in all the various departments of public service: the Ministries of Finance and Agriculture—where he made a special study of horse-breeding from the military point of view—the Admiralty, the Foreign Office, the Technical High School at Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin—but, above all, the Home Office, or Prussian Ministry of the Interior. Here he used to arrive at nine in the morning and slave away until dinner-time like any petty official earning his hundred and fifty a year, and bringing with him his penurious lunch in the shape of a packet of veal sandwiches."

The German Crown Prince in England.

His personal popularity we have already mentioned. He is much beloved by the soldiers and the people for his good-humour, his sportsmanship, his daring, and his sense of comradeship—even for his mistakes. There were periods when he was chided for being too English, but those have passed. In point of fact, however, it has been evident enough on a number of occasions that he is in sympathy with this country, which he has known from his



ASTRANGE MIXTURE INDEED! MEDICI COLLAR; MID-VICTORIAN DRESS; SALOME-DANCER OVERSKIRT; FUR; AND A SUN-HAT—A REMARKABLE FASHION AT THE RACES AT LONGCHAMP.

Photograph by Sport and General.

early years. He was at Felixstowe when his father and mother visited Queen Victoria in 1891; at the funeral of the Queen he rode with his father in the procession of mourners, "a tall, slim, elegant, and refined-looking young man, with flaxen hair, an open, fearless blue eye, and a simple, unsophisticated, winning air"; in his wander-years, as a Bonn student, he visited the London sights, camera in hand, and stayed at some of the greatest country houses of England and Scotland; he was here—a fine figure in the uniform of the Garde-du-Corps—for the Coronation of King George and Queen Mary; and did he not see Britain at work and play in India? It was while here for the Coronation, by the way, that he inspected the 11th Hussars, of which he was gazetted Colonel-in-Chief. We mention this to show how an author may tell a story politely: "To the Army itself it (the regiment) was more familiar as the 'Cherubims,' a corruption of 'Cherry Brecks.'"

The Soldier.

What will he be as War Lord? Who can say? His first sword bore the words: "Ready at all times for the Glory of the Empire." Napoleon is, possibly, his greatest hero. He is essentially a soldier. He has said: "For him who has once ridden in a charge in peace there is nothing better except another ride ending in a clash with the foe. How often in the midst of a charge have I caught the yearning cry of a comrade, 'Donnerwetter, if it were only in earnest!' That is the cavalry spirit. Every fine soldier must feel and know it. 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.'" Yet none has kept the peace better than



A TRUE SALOME DRESS! A BELLE OF TOGOLAND IN FULL ARRAY.

This photograph was taken by Major Hans Schomburgk, F.R.G.S., who went through Togoland recently with a cinematograph camera, to secure films illustrating native life, manners, and customs in that little-known and seldom-visited corner of what is still in part the "Dark Continent." Major Schomburgk is called "Bwakukama" by the natives—a name which means "the man who burns down things before him." This is in allusion to the fact that when, three years ago, he went into the Liberian Hinterland in search of the pygmy hippopotamus, he found it necessary to cut and burn a way for hundreds of miles through the trackless jungle.

the Kaiser, despite warlike words. Ever since the proclamation of the Empire at Versailles, Germany is the only Great Power in Europe that has never drawn the sword—except, perhaps (in co-operation with other States), on the Chinese "Boxers," who had murdered its Ambassador, and on the black barbarians of Damaraland, though such little oversea wars really do not count. This, too, when he is not in the position of Frederick William I. That ruler's army was "the means of preventing its royal author from going to war for fear this might result in the loss of any of the colossal Grenadiers whom he had collected, at an enormous cost, from almost every country under the sun, and combined into a machine-like brigade of giants such as the world had never seen before. Existing as it did more for ornament than use . . . the 'Riesengarde' of Potsdam acted rather as a means of inducing its creator to keep the peace than as a weapon of offence in war."

Nude Celebrities at Potsdam.

More-over, it need not be feared that the Crown Prince, as Kaiser, will show any of that vindictive spirit so evident in Frederick the Great when he

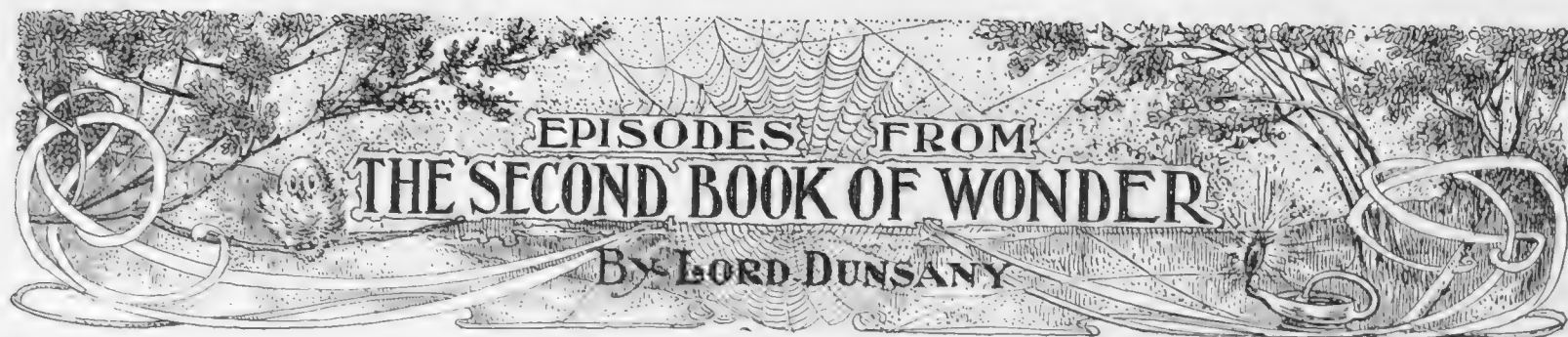
set up the New Palace at Potsdam after the Seven Years' War, and had placed upon it his glory-crown, "supported by three nude feminine figures (not the Graces) representing his greatest enemies during the Seven Years' War—Maria Theresa of Austria, Elizabeth of Russia, and La Pompadour for France, with their backs turned to their respective countries."—One of Anon's best books!

THE DOUBLE EVENT.



THE LIGHT-FINGERED AND THE HEAVY-HEARTED.

DRAWN BY ERNEST H. SHEPARD.



EPISODE IV.—THE LOOT OF LOMA.

(A TALE OF AN INDIAN ADVENTURE.)

COMING back laden with the loot of Loma, the four tall men looked earnestly to the right; to the left they durst not, for the precipice there that had been with them so long went sickly down on to a bank of clouds, and how much further below that only their fears could say.

Loma lay smoking, a city of ruin, behind them, all its defenders dead; there was no one left to pursue them, and yet their Indian instincts told them that all was scarcely well. They had gone three days along that narrow ledge: mountain quite smooth, incredible, above them, and precipice as smooth and as far below. It was chilly there in the mountains; at night a stream or a wind in the gloom of the chasm below them went like a whisper; the stillness of all things else began to wear the nerve—an enemy's howl would have braced them; they began to wish their perilous path were wider, they began to wish that they had not sacked Loma.

Had that path been any wider the sacking of Loma must indeed have been harder for them, for the citizens must have fortified the city but that the awful narrowness of that ten-league pass of the hills had made their crag-surrounded city secure. And at last an Indian had said, "Come, let us sack it." Grimly they laughed in the wigwams. Only the eagles, they said, had ever seen it, its hoard of emeralds and its golden gods; and one had said he would reach it, and they answered, "Only the eagles."

It was Laughing Face who said it, and who gathered thirty braves and led them into Loma with their tomahawks and their bows; there were only four left now, but they had the loot of Loma on a mule. They had four golden gods, a hundred emeralds, fifty-two rubies, a large silver gong, two sticks of malachite with amethyst handles for holding incense at religious feasts, four beakers one foot high, each carved from a rose-quartz crystal; a little coffer carved out of two diamonds, and (had they but known it) the written curse of a priest. It was written on parchment in an unknown tongue, and had been slipped in with the loot by a dying hand.

From either end of that narrow, terrible ledge the third night was closing in; it was dropping down on them from the heights of the mountain and slipping up to them out of the abyss, the third night since Loma blazed and they had left it. Three more days of tramping should bring them in triumph home, and yet their instincts said that all was scarcely well. We who sit at home and draw the blinds and shut the shutters as soon as night appears, who gather round the fire when the wind is wild, who pray at regular seasons and in familiar shrines, know little of the demoniac look of night when it is filled with curses of false, infuriate gods. Such a night was this. Though in the heights the fleecy clouds were idle, yet the wind was stirring mournfully in the abyss and moaning as it stirred, unhappily at first and full of sorrow; but as day turned away from that awful path a very definite menace entered its voice which fast grew louder and louder, and night came on with a long howl. Shadows repeatedly passed over the stars, and then a mist fell swiftly, as though there were something suddenly to be done and utterly to be hidden, as in very truth there was.

And in the chill of that mist the four tall men prayed to their totems, the whimsical wooden figures that stood so far away, watching the pleasant wigwams; the firelight even now would be dancing over their faces, while there would come to their ears delectable tales of war. They halted upon the pass and prayed, and waited for any sign. For a man's totem may be in the likeness perhaps of an otter, and a man may pray, and if his totem be placable and watching over his man a noise may be heard at once like the

noise that the otter makes, though it be but a stone that falls on another stone; and the noise is a sign. The four men's totems that stood so far away were in the likeness of the coney, the bear, the heron, and the lizard. They waited, and no sign came. With all the noises of the wind in the abyss, no noise was like the thump that the coney makes, nor the bear's growl, nor the heron's screech, nor the rustle of the lizard in the reeds.

It seemed that the wind was saying something over and over again, and that that thing was evil. They prayed again to their totems, and no sign came. And then they knew that there was some power that night that was prevailing against the pleasant carvings on painted poles of wood with the firelight on their faces so far away. Now it was clear that the wind was saying something, some very, very dreadful thing in a tongue that they did not know. They listened, but they could not tell what it said. Nobody could have said from seeing their faces how much the four tall men desired the wigwams again, desired the camp-fire and the tales of war and the benignant totems that listened and smiled in the dusk. Nobody could have seen how well they knew that this was no common night or wholesome mist.

When at last no answer came nor any sign from their totems, they pulled out of the bag those golden gods that Loma gave not up except in flames and when all her men were dead. They had large ruby eyes and emerald tongues. They set them down upon that mountain pass, the cross-legged idols with their emerald tongues; and having placed between them a few decent yards, as it seemed meet there should be between gods and men, they bowed them down and prayed in their desperate straits in that dank, ominous night to the gods they had wronged, for it seemed that there was a vengeance upon the hills and that they would scarce escape, as the wind knew well. And the gods laughed, all four, and wagged their emerald tongues; the Indians saw them, though the night had fallen and though the mist was low. The four tall men leaped up at once from their knees and would have left the gods upon the pass but that they feared some hunter of their tribe might one day find them and say of Laughing Face, "He fled and left behind his golden gods," and sell the gold and come with his wealth to the wigwams and be greater than Laughing Face and his three men. And then they would have cast the gods away, down the abyss, with their eyes and their emerald tongues, but they knew that enough already they had wronged Loma's gods, and feared that vengeance enough was waiting them on the hills. So they packed them back in the bag on the frightened mule, the bag that held the curse they knew nothing of, and so pushed on into the menacing night. Till midnight they plodded on and would not sleep; grimmer and grimmer grew the look of the night, and the wind more full of meaning, and the mule knew and trembled, and it seemed that the wind, knew too, as did the instincts of those four tall men, though they could not reason it out, try how they would.

And though the squaws waited long where the pass winds out of the mountains, near where the wigwams are upon the plains, the wigwams and the totems and the fire, and though they watched by day, and for many nights uttered familiar calls, still did they never see those four tall men emerge out of the mountains any more, even though they prayed to their totems upon their painted poles; but the curse in the mystical writing that they had unknown in their bag worked there on that lonely pass six leagues from the ruins of Loma, and nobody can tell us what it was.

THE END.

SIME ILLUSTRATES "THE SECOND BOOK OF WONDER."



"THE LOOT OF LOMA": AN EPISODE FROM "THE SECOND BOOK OF WONDER."

"They had gone three days along that narrow ledge: mountain quite smooth, incredible, above them, and precipice as smooth and as far below. . . . Had that path been any wider, the sacking of Loma must indeed have been harder for them, for the citizens must have fortified the city but that the awful narrowness of that

ten-league pass of the hills had made their crag-surrounded city secure. And at last an Indian had said, 'Come, let us sack it.' . . . It was Laughing Face who said it, and who gathered thirty braves and led them into Loma with their tomahawks . . . there were only four left now, but they had the loot of Loma on a mule."

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.

FOR SALE

DEEDS, NOT WORDS!



THE NERVOUS VISITOR (*to bathing-machine attendant*): I notice that drowning bathers become quite calm directly you reach them. I suppose your brave and noble words reassure them?

THE ATTENDANT: Oh, no, Miss; it ain't that; it's because I always 'it em a good thump in the neck to make 'em keep quiet!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



ON THE LINKS

BY NO MEANS AN "UNKNOWN": THE NEW AMATEUR CHAMPION.

The New Amateur Champion.

There are great surprises at every amateur championship meeting; one might very well say that it would be a surprise if there were none. I think, however, that the meeting at Sandwich produced more of them than any of its predecessors ever did, and quite one of the most remarkable, to my way of thinking, was the announcement in huge letters on some of the newspaper-contents bills on the morning of the last day that there were "Two Unknowns in the Final." Granted that there was very little known about Mr. Hezlet, though his family is famous for its golf, the idea of Mr. J. L. C. Jenkins being an "unknown" is quite too ludicrous. Not only has he been very much known for some years past, but for at least five or six meetings he has been regarded as one of the most dangerous competitors, and I do not think there is a man in the whole championship community who has ever felt anything but extremely uneasy when he knew that he had to meet the little man from Troon in the next round. He has, indeed, inspired much the same respect as an opponent as Mr. Hilton and Mr. Ball have ever done. Not only is he extremely skilful, especially with his iron clubs, but he has a most remarkable temperament for the game, and his self-confidence is something which everybody envies. Whosoever his opponent may be, and whatsoever the state of the game, Mr. Jenkins's confidence never deserts him, his heart never sinks, his form never "cracks," and he always plays his very best. I should doubt if among first-class golfers there is any other who, in the sense in which we use the term, cracks less frequently than he does; and for this reason, besides his skill, he is one of the best match-play golfers in the world. In a final one very often sees wretched putting, players who are generally free from nerve-trouble experiencing it at last when the ordeal is the most severe conceivable in golf. But the confident way in which Mr. Jenkins putted, and putted most successfully at nearly every hole, was a most wonderful thing to see; and in saying that, I would add also that Mr. Hezlet kept his head and his nerve most splendidly too.

Some Odd Coincidences.

There was much talk of coincidences at this championship also, and it was not only justified, but the coincidences justified themselves to the fullest extent. There was the fact that Mr. Travers, the American Amateur Champion, was beaten in the first round, as he was at Muirfield when he played for our championship there five years ago, and he was the American Amateur Champion then, as now. Then there

was Mr. Hilton and Mr. Robert Harris being matched together, as they were for the final at St. Andrews last year; and the former won, as he did last time. And again, Mr. John Graham and Mr. H. D. Gillies had to play each other, as they did at Hoylake in 1910; and the result was the same this time as last, though the circumstances of the game were very different. And I remember that in 1910 we thought then that Mr. Graham might at last win a championship, as we so much wished him to do, but he was beaten the next day; and it happened so this time also, when we wished for his success more than ever, feeling that most likely never would such a chance come again.

Mr. Graham was nearer to going through this time, considering the nature of the opposition before him, than he has ever been in his life except on the occasion of the 1906 championship at Hoylake, when everybody thought he would win, and he ought not to have been beaten in the fifth round by Mr. Robb by one hole as he was, Mr. Robb thereafter winning the championship. When last I wrote these notes, I let it be seen how much everybody was yearning for a Graham victory this time, and what a good chance of it there was. It was a matter for general regret that it did not happen.

A Good Beginning.

But to return, as it were, to Mr. Jenkins and some sort of little coincidences with which I felt myself to be associated. When I went on the course on the first day of the St. George's Cup competition, with which the meeting was opened, I did so from the south-eastern corner, where the big hotel stands near by the Maiden hill and bunker, and the first player I saw was the new champion as he is now. I have known Mr. Jenkins well for many years, and so in the usual form, as he was playing his way along in company with Mr. Worthington as his partner, I asked him how

his game was going, and he said it was just nicely bearable with not much to grumble at, and it might be better soon. Indeed it was! And again there is a coincidence, as I know it, which is a little remarkable. On the Tuesday, when Mr. Jenkins first played in the championship, he was the first man that day to win his match. He was one of the second couple to start, and I was making a short cut across the links to catch up the match between him and Mr. Horace Castle at about the sixteenth, but had overlooked the possibility or probability that it might have finished earlier. But on the way I met the coming champion strolling in, for he had won by six and five, while the couple in front were still worrying on. It is quite a long time since Scotland had a champion, but she has a good one now.

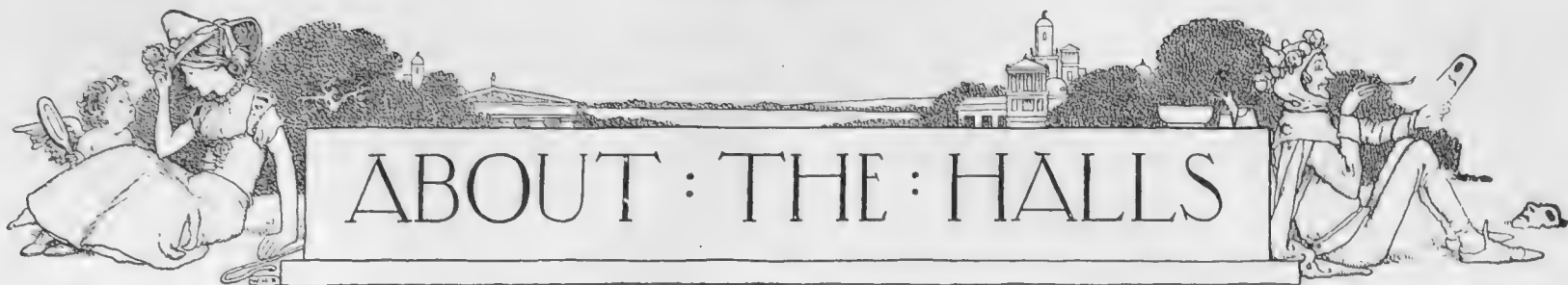
HENRY LEACH.



THE GOLF PROFESSIONAL (giving a lesson): You know, Sir, you lift your elbow too much to play golf properly.

THE NEW MEMBER: How dare you! I'll report you to the committee! I'm a lifelong teetotaler!

DRAWN BY GEORGE P. CARRUTHERS.



A STRANGE EXPERIENCE AT THE "PAV.": WILKIE BARD'S CURE FOR CAVITIES: LITTLE TICH UNBOOTED.

Playing the Very Dickens.

A very extraordinary thing happened to me (and others) at the London Pavilion the other night. I was turning the Shaftesbury Avenue corner of Piccadilly, when I was reminded by a poster of Bransby Williams, famous all over England for his impersonations of Dickens' characters, that the Dickens Fellowship folk were in Rochester, honouring by beanfeast and by banquet the memory of the people's novelist. "What better time," I asked myself, "for seeing Bransby Williams's 'show' than this? They have not invited me to Rochester; I will have a little Dickens Festival on my own!" There was a fine array of talent on the programme, and the handsome auditorium was richly lined with patronage. There were others there besides myself who had Dickens in their minds, and I heard whispers, when the electric number-board shone "8," of "Dickens Conference," "Rochester," "Bransby Williams," "Awfully good as Uriah Heep," "The old Grandfather," and so on. At last Bransby Williams. He delivered a somewhat commonplace "Reciter's Companion" affair, about a man who took upon himself the responsibilities of a murder committed by some "dark-eyed destroyer of dull domesticity" in South Africa, and he gave his admirably clever study of the caretaker who takes care that callers shall not snap up the vacant house he has made his home. Three times Bransby Williams came forward and bowed his acknowledgments of that kind of applause which has a note of eager expectancy in it; and I was beginning to murmur to myself, "Hurry up with the Dickens business," when the electric "8" changed back to an electric "7," and on came a delayed couple of cross-talkers called Fyne and Hurley. I was disappointed, but not greatly surprised. Bransby Williams, I supposed, was doing his Dickens "turn" somewhere else, and was late. But I was greatly surprised, and greatly disappointed as well, when the cross-talkers dressed up as Bill Sikes and Fagin (*why*, in heaven's name?) and fired jokes at each other about Lloyd George, Masterman, "ninepence for fourpence," the Canteen scandals, and dropping out of aeroplanes! I hate to preach and prate, and point to this or that disparagingly; but wasn't this a very remarkable experience? Here was Dickens Festival time!—here was the Dickens impersonator dropping Dickens out of his programme!—and here were a couple of cross-talkers, calling themselves Bill Sikes and Fagin, and tumbling over each other's tongues with the hour's topical tit-bits!

"Stewed Prunes and Prisms."

People with large mouths they wish to make small may consult Wilkie Bard about their trouble at the Oxford Music Hall. He will tell them, in song and patter, that they can bring their "cavities" down to reasonable dimensions by going in for a course of repeating,

at odd hours of the day and night, "Stewed prunes and prisms." The afflicted must not be content with taking this great physician's advice second-hand from me, or, rather, from my bare description of the cure. It's not exactly what he tells you to do, but the funny way he tells you to do it. It is getting the proper "bedside manner" thrown in that makes the thing complete. Wilkie Bard's advice is not of much service to sufferers while it is actually being given to them. Indeed, I observed at the Oxford the other evening that his instructions, instead of having the effect of closing his patients' mouths, caused them to open wider than ever. But when the consultation was over, the cure began to work admirably. The people had all become infected, as it were, with the symptoms of his special treatment, and were

pursing up their lips into the "prunes and prisms" limitations like so many rabbits. I, too, was doing it, but I had a cigarette stuck between the "p" and the "r" of the "prisms," and perhaps was not so noticeable.

Why Not Little Tichinski?

Little Tich is shaking the big Palladium with hilarity. I have known his oddities for over twenty years, but I never knew them to provoke readier laughter than they raised on the night I went to see (and didn't like) a new sketch which I observe is now "off" in another sense as well. It seemed to me all the more creditable to Little Tich as a comedian that he was able to keep on the same old terms with his audience without exercising the acrobatic side of his accomplishments. He did not do his old business of falling to the floor and raising himself from a sitting to a standing posture by imitating the mechanism of one of those trick chairs of the knock-about clown; he did not do his big-boot dance, or, leaning forward in those boots to

pick up his fallen cap, perform that feat on what might be called the cantilever principle. He did not bring on his big boots at all—and I understand that he has shaken them off for ever. Instead, as a Territorial, he kept up an unceasing fire of grotesque witticisms, and, as a waiter, a continuous feast of verbal funniments. He had almost too many humorous things to say as the waiter, for the laughter they caused began to overlap and to spoil his fun. It wanted Bernard Shaw there to preach to the audience against the destructiveness of outward laughter—which reminds me that it may not be very long before Bernard Shaw is at the Palladium, though not, perhaps, in person. It was an "old favourite" with which Little Tich wound up his entertainment—his Serpentine Dance. Well as it serves him still, one cannot help feeling that he has neglected a great opportunity in not having established himself by now as a comic exponent of the Russian Ballet—a travesty of Nijinsky or of Pavlova. This idea is offered free of charge.

ROVER.



MOTHER AND SON ON THE STAGE TOGETHER: MISS MARIE TEMPEST AND MR. NORMAN LORING.

Miss Tempest and her son, Mr. Norman Loring, have both been appearing recently in "The Wynmartens," at the Playhouse. On Thursday last week she gave a flying matinee of that piece at the King's Theatre, Southsea, returning to town in time for the regular evening performance at the Playhouse. "The Wynmartens" was to be withdrawn on Friday, and to-day (June 3) Miss Tempest has arranged to revive "The Duke of Killiecrankie."—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

BRITISH CARS ON THE CONTINENT: ENTRIES FOR THE AUSTRIAN ALPINE CONTEST.

English Cars and Foreign Trials.

Few English makers have made serious attempts to sell their cars in Continental circles. A limited number have been shown from time to time at the chief foreign shows, and an even smaller number may be seen in permanent depots in Paris. It is perfectly intelligible that, in the face of so much native competition, an English manufacturer should doubt the possibility of finding a sufficient sale in a foreign capital to justify the maintenance of a complete show-room; and the Daimler, Austin, and Rolls-Royce, I believe, are the only British cars which are definitely established in the French capital. On quite a different basis, however, is the question of participation or otherwise in Continental trials. These are more formidable, and therefore more convincing, than anything which can be devised in Great Britain, and, on the face of it, a British car which did well in a foreign competition would be bound to attract attention in whatever country was the scene of the competition.

The Conversion of British Buyers.

Unfortunately, however, the British manufacturer has mostly failed to recognise a far more potent reason for endeavouring to score in foreign competitions. His chief, if not his sole, market, it is true, is with English buyers; but these buyers have the whole world's output at their doors from which to choose, and require proof of merit before arriving at the point of actual selection. Now the English car which does well abroad is not only provided with a selling point as against other English cars which did not compete, but also against the horde of foreign cars which are seen in such great numbers over here that they actually outnumber in variety the native products themselves. Were the question one of price, as in the case of American importations, one could understand the situation; but, generally speaking, the foreign car has usually been offered at a higher figure than the British.

Useful Object-Lessons.

Let us suppose, for the sake of illustration, that the R.A.C. had not provided the opportunity for the testing of new light cars which was afforded by the recent Reliability Trial at Harrogate, and that a trial of this kind had been held in France instead. Would not the British buyer have benefited by the evidence which the results disclosed, and would not the English manufacturers whose cars were successful have enhanced their position in their own country? A trial, in a word, is an object-lesson, wherever it takes place. Now,

where large cars are concerned, there exists no means in Great Britain of providing an object-lesson of a satisfactory kind, partly because we have few mountain roads, and also because our official trials have always been run at low speeds. The only testing-ground that is worthy of the name is the region of the Alps, and that is why the Austrian Alpine contest has grown annually in importance, and is now regarded as the chief event in the motoring calendar. The fact that five makes of English car are entered has already been stated in these columns, and up to a point this is very gratifying; but there are other British vehicles which could do well in this contest, and one can only hope that next year they will put in an appearance. Two, to my knowledge, are probable competitors in 1915.

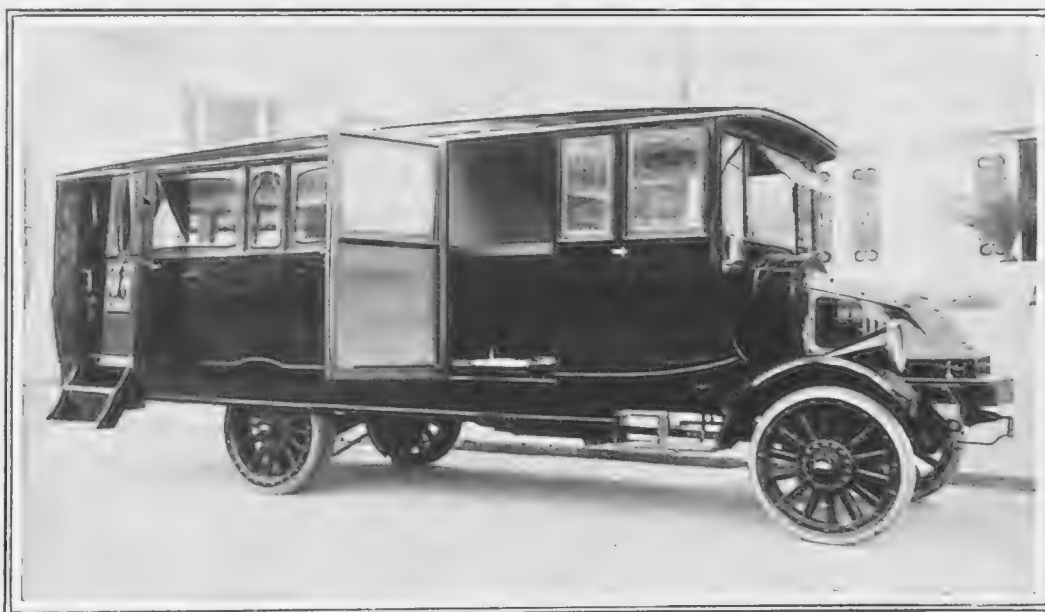
A Big Entry-List.

Be that as it may, however, the total entry-list is remarkably strong, including as it does no fewer than seventy-five competitors. They come from England, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, and America. The American appearance is quite a new feature of the trial, but it will be a powerful one, as it comprises seven cars—three Cadillacs, three Overlands, and a Chevrolet. One of the first-named, by the way, will be driven by an English lady. She will be by no means alone, however, as the Roumanian lady, Mme. Stamati-Morariu, who has twice competed already, will again take part; while Frau Helene Hauswaldt has entered a big Benz, the most powerful car but one in the contest. Among cars which are entered for the first time, besides the Americans, are the Armstrong-Whitworth, Austin, Vauxhall, Wolseley, Hotchkiss, Darracq, and Grégoire. The biggest individual entry is that of the Austro-Daimler, with eight cars; the Fiat has seven, the Puch six, the Knight-Minerva and Audi five each, and the Benz and N.A.G. four each. Then come six teams of three, four pairs, and ten single entries. As for the route to be traversed, it covers, as usual, practically the whole of Austria, though with considerable variations upon last year's itinerary. Over a score of passes have to be crossed, several being well over 6000 feet in height, and one over 7000 feet, and two with gradients of nearly thirty per cent! Some particularly bad roads, moreover, have been specially selected for knock-out purposes.



AT HENDON FOR THE AERIAL DERBY WHICH WAS NOT HELD: QUEEN ALEXANDRA—SPEAKING TO MR. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE.

Amongst those who went to the Hendon Aerodrome the other day to see the start and finish of the third Air Derby round London were Queen Alexandra and her sister, the Empress Marie of Russia. Mist and rain made it necessary to postpone the "Derby"; but there was some excellent flying, including exhibitions of "looping-the-loop."—[Photograph by Record Press.]



HOLDING THE COFFINED-BODY, MOURNERS, AND FLOWERS! A COMBINATION OF MOTOR-HEARSE AND FUNERAL-COACHES, IN SAN FRANCISCO.

An American correspondent describes this photograph as follows: "Godeau funeral motor-car—A San Francisco undertaker has built a most modern vehicle for comfort, convenience, and elegance, and overcomes annoyances, accommodating thirty-seven people besides the corpse and flowers. It is built on a five-ton Kelly-Springfield truck, with woodwork of solid mahogany, electric lights and fans, eight-inch morocco-leather cushions; and in every way resembles a Pullman drawing-room. It has cut-under wheels, and is able to make sharp turns in the aisles of the cemeteries. It is thirty feet long, ten feet wide, and eighteen feet high."—[Photograph by F. W. Lane.]

The total distance to be covered is 1818 miles in eight running days, with two intervening days of rest. The trial starts from Vienna on June 14, and ends on the 23rd.



SMALL TALK

THE King's pre-eminence on the Turf has never been in question. His dinner to members of the Jockey Club and the value of his presence at the principal meetings of the year suffice to remind the racing world that he must always be its figure-head. But his eminence as an owner has been a matter of touch and go. If he had not, soon after his accession, had a year of winnings amounting to something over £4000, his Majesty would have discontinued his stud at Eger-ton House. That four thousand was sufficient to cover a twelve-months' cost of maintenance; but if it had been insufficient the time had come for putting into practice his Majesty's determination to end an expensive luxury. He had, with characteristic business incisiveness, made it clear that his stud must pay its way or vanish.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT E. T. R. CHAMBERS, R.N., TO-DAY (JUNE 3) MISS MARJORIE MAIR.

Miss Mair, of Pylewell Home Farm, Lymington, is the younger daughter of the late Mr. John Mair, of Buckland House, Lymington.

Photograph by Swaine.

People have fallen into a habit of contrasting the sporting instincts of the King with those of his father, as if to show that Edward VII. was in all respects a heartier supporter of the racing world than George V. Many of his subjects never saw Edward VII. without his glasses

The Two "Sports."

sfung across his shoulder; and a literary man much concerned with Court affairs told me the other day that on all the six occasions on which, during the last reign, he was admitted to the Royal presence in London the King was ready armed for the Turf, and seemed (though in the wonderfully genial fashion peculiar to him) to be only deferring his departure out of politeness to his guest. A pat on the shoulder, and an allusion to the chances, not of a horse, but the weather, was his way of saying, "Now I must be off to the races." But that was only one aspect of the late King. George V. is not alone in taking a very rigorous view of certain phases of sport. He does his racing according to hard-and-fast limits, but so did his father. And it was Edward VII. who wrote in a private letter: "I have a horror of gambling, and shall always, do my utmost to discourage others who have an inclination for it, as a spirit of gambling, like intemperance, is one of the greatest evils that can afflict a country."

Lights o' London. Devonshire House continues to be the most discreet of London's great houses. Park

Lane, on the other hand, dines in public. The curious can see into its kitchens through convenient gratings, its savories assail the nostrils of the passer-by, and it has an astonishing way of illuminating its outward walls and of never drawing its blinds. Every outsider has been dazzled by the Sassoon electric lights, and the public at large knows Lady Londonderry's taste in furniture. But Devonshire House, even on the night of the dinner-party, was shrouded in hardly less than its habitual reserve.

"Lord Winston." Most people have been talking about "Mr. Asquith's honours list," or "Mr. Asquith's peers." The phrase is allowed to pass on everybody's lips except a Cabinet Minister's. Downing Street, very properly, must maintain the respect due to the Crown's prerogative, and the Crown itself is zealous lest the real source of titles should be obscured in the hubbub of Party give-and-take regarding the list. Two or three years ago Mr. Winston Churchill spoke in public of Mr. Balfour's creations. "His speeches," said the reckless Winston, "are praised in the great organs of the Conservative Party — praised, that is, by editors whom he carefully promoted to the Peerage when he was in office." The opening was too good to be lost. Winston's remarks were forwarded to Buckingham Palace, and condemned. "Despite Mr. Churchill's suggestion," ran a statement supplied by the King's secretary, "the conferring of honours is still the prerogative of the Crown." The snub was of unusual severity, and one may wonder if the Crown will ever forgive Mr. Churchill to the extent of giving him a barony.

"The Wife of—"

One thing that nobody ever manages to put into perfectly suitable English is the brief paragraph announcing the birth of an infant. Of all the fathers who have despatched the news to the Press is there any who has felt quite happy about his literary powers? The strange thing is that no two people do it in exactly the same way. "The wife of Mr. F. E. Smith gave birth to a daughter in London on Saturday" is the latest version, admirably concise. But "Mrs. F. E. Smith gave birth to a daughter in London on Saturday" would have saved three words. In these days it is customary to name the lady concerned.



ENGAGED TO MR. HORACE LUCAS QUIXANO HENRIQUES: MISS FRANCES LOIS BAGGALLAY.

Miss Baggallay is the youngest daughter of Mr. Ernest Baggallay, late Metropolitan Police Magistrate, and of Mrs. Ernest Baggallay, and granddaughter of the late Lord Justice Baggallay and the late Sir Walter Wyndham Burrell, Bt. Mr. Quixano Henriques is the third son of the late Mr. David Quixano Henriques and of Mrs. Henriques, of 17, Sussex Square, Hyde Park.

Photograph by Bassano.



TO MARRY MISS MARJORIE MAIR TO-DAY (JUNE 3): LIEUTENANT E. T. R. CHAMBERS, R.N., R.F.C.

Lieutenant Chambers, of the Central Flying School, Upavon, is the elder son of Mr. Ennis D. Chambers, of Downton Lodge, Brockenhurst.

Photograph by Swaine.



A DANCE HOSTESS TO-DAY: THE HON. LADY ABE BAILEY.

Lady Abe Bailey, known before her marriage, in 1911, as the Hon. Mary Westenra, is the only daughter of Lord Rossmore, of the Reminiscences. She is the second wife of Sir Abe Bailey, the well-known South African mine-owner and landowner.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



TO MARRY MR. RALPH PETER BASSETT TO-DAY (JUNE 3): MISS GLADYS EVELYN SALTREN ROGERS.

Miss Rogers is the eldest daughter of the late Rev. G. S. Rogers, of the Old Ride, Branksome Park, Bournemouth, and of Mrs. G. S. Rogers, of Falmouth. Mr. Bassett is the son of the late Mr. Frederick Bassett and of Mrs. Bassett, of Leighton Buzzard.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Unbelievable English.

Nothing is more difficult for a foreigner to understand than the Soul of a People, and yet, undaunted, the French are always writing books about the English. They write about us in the lump, declaring that "the English" do this or that, believe certain things, have such and such habits. We fascinate them as no other people do, but they little know (or they ignore) the fact that we are far too mixed a race, have too much individualism rampant among us, ever to be true to type, to answer to the easy generalisations of the foreign observer. Certain external things, of course, are easily apprehended; our love of baths, our absence of sauces, our devotion to games, and our enthusiasm about gardens. These are general to the race. But what of the Soul of the English, of which a distinguished Frenchwoman writes with such assurance? Most Britons would hesitate before they set down exactly what a Briton—who may be from Yorkshire or Limerick, from London or Londonderry, from Aberdeen or Cardiff, from Norwich or Penzance, would do or think under all and every circumstance. Yet the foreigner is quite unabashed by these complexities, and mixes up Celts and Danes, Gaels and Normans in one sweeping phrase. The longer one lives, the more unbelievable one finds one's compatriots. Even among the sub-divisions, what infinite variety one sees! Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George, for instance, both belong to the "Celtic fringe," yet, interesting as they both are, could two "Englishmen" be more fundamentally different in their characters and minds? How can we lump together Lord Northcliffe and Walter Pater, Lord Cromer and General Gordon? Lafcadio Hearn lived a number of years in Japan and married into a Japanese family, but before he died he frankly admitted that he did not even begin to understand that other island race.

A Question of Sofas.

There is one thing that every person, native or foreign, can appreciate, and that is the Anglo-Saxon love of the comfortable armchair and sofa. For the Americans and Colonials are quite as devoted to taking their ease as we are. I feel sure that even on the austere *Mayflower*, a number of cosy chairs were concealed in the hold. Nowhere has the rocking-chair peculiar to the North of England propagated itself to such an extent as in the United States. It is a national institution, associated with verandahs, moon-lit nights, and much sentiment. It is the same with garden hammocks, which are to be found wherever the English tongue is spoken, however strange the accent. Frenchmen do not string themselves up in hammocks, and would be scandalised if they were asked to occupy one with a *jeune personne bien élevée*—a proceeding peculiar to America. They do not even lounge in deep, soft arm-chairs as we do, so that the seats in our homes fill them with wonder and delight. No French author of the rank of Thackeray ever wrote a heartfelt poem to his old arm-chair. The French drawing-room, as well as the boudoir, is furnished

entirely for effect. The "lines" must be good, the colours harmonious, the chairs and cupboards strictly of the same period, but the comfort of the persons who inhabit or visit the room is never brought into consideration. Our delicious, dumpy, shapeless Chesterfield sofas are unknown to them, as well as our low, square seats. The well-regulated French drawing-room has a semicircle of Louis XV. chairs with curly gilt legs and exceedingly uncomfortable backs. On these the hostess and visitors sit bolt upright and conduct a sprightly but obviously artificial conversation. No lounging or low tones, such as you hear in England; this would not be *bien vu*. I have always wondered how Mme. Récamier could contrive to "receive" on that hard Empire sofa. Recently, M. Poiret has seen the attractions of comfort in the home, and has designed a restful couch in the shape of two mattresses, one slightly smaller than the other, strewn with fierce cushions. Yet I feel sure that most of these will cross the Channel and acclimatise themselves in England. To the properly brought-up Frenchman or woman, they must be *shoking*.

Cliques in the Ball-Room.

Kindly people, seeing radiant young girls sitting down at balls, would like to revive the Victorian custom of introducing likely partners to each other. Yet the new fashion of going in parties to dances seems so fixed that there is little chance of this revival, even though the "bustle" and the Dolly Varden hat have been successfully dug up again from the Past of the 'Eighties. Each century has its peculiar way of enjoying itself, and in the Twentieth the Herd - instinct is certainly asserting itself. These young men and girls dine together at some house, and though they may never have met before, proceed to form a small herd hostile to all other animals of their species whom they may meet at the subsequent festal entertainment. They must dance together, talk in groups, sup in small parties, or else incur the dislike of the rest of the clique. Thus a ball-room becomes a sort of vortex in which an infinite number of small whirlpools have formed. There is no cohesion, no ensemble, and these vast entertainments resemble some public masquerade of the eighteenth century rather than the more friendly entertainments of late-Victorian and early-Edwardian times. You cannot dictate to Youth how it shall take its Pleasure. You can only look on and achieve your own by watching these gay young creatures at play.

Who shall say there is not High Romance in London, when one reads the alluring advertisements in the Agony Columns? For my part, I refuse to believe—as cynics would have one do—that many of the tender messages are signals and warnings among burglars! Then, there is the enterprising gentleman—so suggestive of mediæval Italian Republicans—who assures me that he is ready and willing to go anywhere and do anything—for a handsome consideration. I picture him setting forth, with a dagger or a bomb, accomplishing his fell purpose, and then applying for a cheque. No one can say that modern life is without adventure, and recent events, both in Ulster and in London, have shown us that the modern Georgian is as fruitful in enterprise as the Elizabethan.

ONE OF THE MOST COVETED GIFTS AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: A LOVELY FIFTY-GUINEA EVENING-GOWN BY REVILLE AND ROSSITER.

Thousands of pounds' worth of presents are to be given away to guests at the Midnight Ball at the Savoy on June 25 in aid of the Institute for the Blind. One of the gifts most coveted by the ladies will be this very beautiful and specially designed evening-dress presented by Messrs. Reville and Rossiter, the famous costumiers, of 15, Hanover Square, W. In the event (not likely!) of it being unsuitable to the recipient, another of equal value will be substituted.



CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 10.

FUEL FOR THE NAVY.

THE proposal of the British Government to subscribe for £2,000,000 Ordinary shares, £1000 Preference shares, and £199,000 Debentures of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company is distinctly interesting, although it had been known for some time past that the Government were paying considerable attention to developments in that part of the world. When the new arrangement is completed the Company will have an issued share capital of £3,900,000, and £799,000 Debenture stock, and under the new Articles the directors have to be British subjects, and all their acts will be subject to the veto of the Government.

It seems rather a pity that no oil-fields in our own territory are considered sufficiently promising for the Government's purpose; but the Anglo-Persian Company's fields are within our sphere of influence, and the value of their strategic position is clearly very great, and can be further increased by the provision of proper pipe-lines and refineries. At present the oil passes through a pipe-line 150 miles long to the refinery at Abadan, on the Persian side of Shat-el-Arab.

The details afforded by the Government Blue Book are more or less general in their character, and the terms of the actual supply contract are not given, it being simply stated that the contract is for a term of years on a favourable scale of prices, and does not include transport.

The Slade Commission's Report speaks very hopefully of the Company's future. It states that the output of some of the wells has been restricted owing to the limited capacity of the existing pipe-line, and that many wells on the property have been sunk only so far as necessary to prove the presence of oil, and can therefore be brought into production as soon as facilities for handling the oil are provided. This can be done with the money now subscribed, and it is confidently expected that the field will then produce abundant supplies of oil over a long period of years.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.

The high prices which ruled last year for cattle all over the world have naturally affected the profits of this Company, but economies have been effected in other directions, with the result that the net profit is only reduced by £9100 to £196,400. A rather larger amount is required on this occasion to meet the Preference dividend owing to the issue made in 1912, but the dividend on the Ordinary shares remains unaltered at 22½ per cent., and £10,000, as against £30,000 in 1912, goes to reserve, bringing the total of that fund up to £710,000.

The slight set-back in profits breaks a long series of continual increases, but it is hardly surprising in view of the very difficult conditions which existed last year, and need not, we consider, cause any serious misgivings. The estancia side of the business is stated to be yielding gratifying results, and as Liebig's were among the first to establish themselves in the Plate, we imagine it will continue to do so. The bulk of the Company's land was acquired at very cheap prices, and the directors have now both knowledge and experience. For this same reason we are inclined to look favourably upon the item of £592,700 "Investments in Subsidiaries"; and there can be no doubt that the Company's own land and plant stand at a very low figure in the balance-sheet.

The success of the ranches in Rhodesia and other parts of Africa remains to be proved, but progress is considered satisfactory.

In spite, therefore, of the reduction in profits we look upon the Preference and Ordinary as excellent Industrial investments at their current figures.

SHARE-PUSHERS.

The share-pushers seem to be particularly active at the present time, so perhaps a word of warning may save a few people, at least, from losing their money. The Press reports of an oil strike in Calgary have roused a certain crowd interested in oil and asphalt to renewed efforts, and their circulars are being distributed broadcast, promising, as usual, immense profits in return for any money with which they may be entrusted.

One of the most blatant advertisements which we remember to have read for a long time emanates from a certain oil corporation. £250 for 5s. is the cheese which baits this mouse-trap; but why this sum, instead of £250,000,000, is chosen we do not know. One result is just about as probable as the other. Absolutely no information of the slightest value is given as to the prospects of the concern, but the confiding public is invited to send 5s.—"or as many multiples thereof as they can honestly afford"—with which the corporation are to apply for shares in a particular trust, upon the terms of a prospectus filed at Somerset House. It is especially stated that the advertisement is not an invitation to apply for shares! This is exceedingly ingenious, as also is the wording of the advertisement, which consists chiefly of illustrations of very large profits made in certain Mining and Industrial propositions.

The fact that such advertisements continue to appear is the proof that people are silly enough to be caught by them—otherwise

their existence would be almost inconceivable. But why anyone should imagine that there are people philanthropic enough to sell for 5s. something which has the remotest possibility of being worth £250—and advertise it to boot—passeth all understanding.

J. LYONS AND Co.

Increased cost of provisions, the Insurance Act, and the Shop Hours Act have adversely affected the profits of nearly all the catering firms. Lyons, however, again show an advance in both trading and net profit, the actual figures being £1,574,659 and £356,303 respectively against £1,450,500 and £339,517 for the previous twelve months. The dividend on the Ordinary shares remains unaltered at 42½ per cent., and both the amount allowed for depreciation and the carry-forward are larger. Results such as these are the best proof that the directors know their business, but the same conclusion is clearly reached by those for whom they cater. The superiority of this firm's methods over those of many caterers is plain for all the world to see. The public ask for good food amid clean surroundings at moderate prices, and Lyons apparently get as near to this ideal as anybody. As long as those at present in command continue to guide the Company's fortunes, both the Preference and Ordinary can be considered excellent Industrial investments.

FIVE PER CENT. INVESTMENTS.

We often take advantage of holiday times, when these notes go to press rather early, to give short lists of securities which are, in our opinion, desirable investments in their respective classes. Below will be found short particulars of half-a-dozen Bonds and Debentures which afford a yield of just over 5 per cent. and are perfectly sound. All of them have been previously recommended in these columns on various occasions, and we see no reason to alter our opinion of their merits—

NAME.	Interest per Cent.	Interest Payable.	Purchase Price.
Leopoldina Terminal Debentures ..	5	Jan.-July	£101 10
Chilian Northern Railway Debentures ..	5	June-Dec.	95 10
San Paulo Treasury Bonds ..	5	Jan.-July	101 15
Grand Trunk Five Year Secured Notes ..	5	April-Oct.	101 5
Forestral Land, Timber, and Railway Com- pany First Mortgage Debentures ..	5	Jan.-July	99 10
City of Nicolaieff Bonds ..	5	Jan.-July	97 10

The average price of the six works out at 99½, and, if allowance be made for accrued interest in each case, the flat yield is £5 1s. 9d. per cent. We have not the space to go fully into each security, but the following are the salient points—

The *Leopoldina Terminal Company* owns the whole capital of the Brazilian Company which has exclusive water-supply rights to the city of Nictheroy, also tramways, ferry-boats, and warehouses. The Debentures are secured on the whole assets of the Company, and are, in addition, guaranteed by the Leopoldina Railway Company. The sinking fund of ½ per cent. came into force last year, and is applicable to annual drawings at par or to purchases in the market below par. *Chilian Northern Railway Debentures* are guaranteed unconditionally both as to principal and interest by the Chilian Government, and will be redeemed at par in 1940 by the operation of a sinking fund. *San Paulo Treasury Bonds*—£3,754,000 of these Bonds were issued in April 'of last year, partly for cash and partly in exchange for existing Bonds. The Bonds are secured (1) upon £10,000,000 of coffee lying in Europe, (2) upon the revenues of the State, which is one of the most prosperous in Brazil, and (3) by the hypothecation of the 2½ francs per bag surtax paid on the export of coffee. The loan is redeemable at par at any time within the next nine years, and must be redeemed by 1923. *Grand Trunk Five-Year Secured Notes*—These notes are secured by the deposit of £2,667,000 Grand Trunk Perpetual 4 per cent. Consolidated Debenture stock, the income from which will more than cover the amount required to meet the interest on these Notes. The Company reserve the right to redeem part of the issue at 101 on giving sixty days' notice. The *Forestral Land, Timber, and Railway Company* owns about 1,625,000 acres of land and leases 800,000 acres in the Chaco district of the Argentine, comprising the Quebracho forests. The Company also owns factories, saw-mills, light railways, and agricultural and pastoral properties of considerable importance. The Debentures are redeemable by thirty-five annual drawings at 102½, and interest is payable free of tax. The *City of Nicolaieff Bonds* were issued in London early in 1912 at 96¾, and are redeemable at par in forty-seven years' time. The issue was made for the purpose of carrying out certain municipal improvements. The assets of the city are valued at £1,778,000, while its total liabilities amount to £1,009,000.

POINTS OF INTEREST.

Speaking at the meeting of the British Bank for Foreign Trade last week, Mr. Birch Crisp spoke very encouragingly of the future of Russia. He expressed the view that the retirement of Count Kokovstov, the Russian Premier and Finance Minister, and the advent of Mr. Bark would be in no way detrimental to that country's interests. The Bank is interested only in Bonds bearing the Government's guarantee and in one leading Russian bank, so the recent wave of speculation in Russian Industrials has in no way affected its prosperity.

[Continued on page 288]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Sunshine and the Flimsies and the Limbs.

When King Sol has been ardent in his attentions we have seen strange sights in the streets and parks and places where we stroll. Apparently oblivious of appearance, girls would be cool. They wear skirts through which not only their lower limbs are visible, but also the trappings thereon. Sometimes they wear white skirts when the said limbs are darkly apparelled; the effect is such that women blush and nice men look the other way, and a censor of skirts is felt to be a public want. How the wearers can pass the censorship of their own cheval-glasses I cannot imagine, for quite as often as not they are of a class to possess such things. One can only hope that, as the season progresses, something in the nature of a petticoat which, however light, may act as a screen to these X-ray interiors will find favour with fashion. I have heard that pleated, thinnest silk Eastern trousers, not tied in at the ankle, are in the first flight



ONE OF THE GIFTS FOR GUESTS AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL:
A HANDSOME ROSE-BOWL.

This beautiful twelve-guinea rose-bowl is presented by Messrs. Tiffany and Co., of 221, Regent Street, W. The ball is to take place at the Savoy on June 25, in aid of the Institute for the Blind. The total value of the gifts to be presented is some £2500.

for this favour. It is suggested that the Sun himself disapproves of this result of his favours, and is sulking!

Scots Wha Ha'e the Highland Heel.

There is no finer sight in all the London Season that I know of—and I know most of them—than the dancing of the reels at the Caledonian Ball. They were specially fine last week, for all the men wore the kilt, whether soldier or civilian. They were nimble of toe and light of heel, and did their steps with neat agility, but if every individual one of them had had to settle the Irish question within the hour or die, he could hardly have looked more solemn and anxious. The ladies in their white frocks and tartan sashes across their shoulders were quite inconspicuous beside their glorious partners. Except in the instances of those married and of high degree wearing grand tiaras, they took their metaphorical back seats with great grace. What was to be regretted, from the spectators' point of view, was that their steps were not visible because of their long skirts, which are an anachronism in Highland dancing, where the footing of it is the thing! Next Caledonian Ball, if the ladies will only wear short, kilted skirts they will add to the character of dances which have a fascination all their own. No doubt, the ladies were as nimble and light and neat on their feet as the men, even more so, but no one knew it.

For a While. We had rather a fright about the Season last week; it looked like an immediate General Election, and however we feel under the ills we have, we have no desire to add a spoiled Season to them. The Opposition cannot be pinning to enter on herculean

labours, and the Government, apparently, still enjoy sticking to their seats; so, on the whole, every one seems content with the order: "As you were!" The Ulster Volunteers are keeping order in their province side by side with soldiers and police, and the Nationalists are bearing stoically the burden of having their pet grievance gradually withdrawn. The good people who suppose they would really enjoy the Home Rule Bill passed as it stands don't know them. They thoroughly enjoy the best of good grumbling, as their own Parliament will soon find out, if they get one!



ONE OF THE £2500 WORTH OF GIFTS FOR GUESTS AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: A BEAUTIFUL DRESSING-CASE FOR A LADY.

This dressing-case is the gift of Messrs. Wilson and Gill, of 139-141, Regent Street, W. It measures 20 in. by 15 in. by 7½ in., and is valued at £30. The case is in dark-green morocco, lined with watered silk in the same shade, and the fittings are in silver.

Much Cry and Little Wool.

Rebellion and Insurgency are epidemics just now, so much so that Señora Donna Quixota is busy tilting at windmills. "I will wear the most extreme of the extreme fashions to Court if I like," I heard a lady say with flashing eyes, "and no one can turn me out!" Why not? For one thing, quite the latest fashions could offend no one—the risqué phase is over. Secondly, no one would ever turn her out. Possibly, in Queen Victoria's days, a little extra drapery might have been sent for, for any poor lady who had accidentally forgotten to put enough on. Those were the days when Courts were exclusive, and her Majesty, or her representative, knew those who passed the Presence. The rebuke to the lady who went without the regulation plumes because her hair was cut short, and who received a message that the Queen would graciously dispense with her attendance at Court until it grew, is almost historic. Nowadays things are very different; the Queen does not know a tenth of those presented, and by the time fifty have passed, could scarcely tell whether their dresses were extremely fashionable or extremely the reverse. When a tumble instead of a curtsy is executed in front of the throne, no one is kinder about it than her Majesty, who never laughs or takes any notice whatever. A kind of nervous self-consciousness makes women believe that how they dress really concerns the Queen.

Capes or No Capes.

Weller senior was a great believer in capes; apparently he lived in layers of them. They are the mode of the moment—not in layers, indeed, but in single, round-about fashion, like one worn by a Cavalier, thrown round like that of an Italian brigand as stagily depicted, long and military, with high Napoleonic collar, à la the great Bonaparte. However we take it, the cape is a fashion mulcted from man. To him, with a coat underneath, it is convenient; to us, with a thin dress or blouse below, it is too cool to be at all convenient in cold weather, and in warm we don't want it! It looks smart as a fashion, and so will have its brief sway.



ONE OF THE £2500 WORTH OF GIFTS FOR GUESTS AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: A BEAUTIFUL DRESSING-CASE FOR A LADY.

This dressing-case, valued at £50, is the gift of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, W. It is in green crocodile leather, lined with watered silk, and the fittings are in tortoiseshell, solid silver-gilt, and cut-glass. It is twenty inches long.

Continued from page 286.

The United States Government crop estimate for May is most encouraging, and, if fulfilled, should go a long way towards counter-acting the stagnation which exists in the steel and other trades. The yield of winter wheat is expected to be in the neighbourhood of 630,000,000 bushels, which would compare with 535,000,000 bushels last year. The yield of spring wheat cannot yet be forecasted, but there is no reason to expect that this will fall below the normal. A good crop should certainly help the American position.

The dividend announcement of the Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Railway Company shows that the Company did remarkably well last year—much better, we must confess, than we expected—and the dividend appears fully to justify the recent advance in price of the Preferred and Deferred stocks. The directors recommend a final dividend of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the Deferred Ordinary stock, making 8 per cent. for the year, and a bonus of 3 per cent., making in all 11 per cent. against $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for 1912. A bonus of 1 per cent. is also recommended on the Preferred Ordinary stock, £250,000 is placed to reserve, and the carry-forward is increased to £61,000, so the directors cannot be accused of dividing up to the hilt.

The 4 per cent. Debenture stock offered last week by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway is not an English Trustee investment, but as the revenue available for interest is more than ten times the amount required to meet the interest on the stock authorised, we look upon these Debentures as a first-class gilt-edged investment, and undoubtedly cheap at the issue price of 90.

There is a whisper going the rounds that Eastern Pioneers are worth picking up as a speculation. We got it from a pretty good source, but are totally unable to get any confirmation or any definite reasons. Still, we mention it for what it is worth.

The letter from the secretary of the Tarapaca Waterworks to the *Times* on Wednesday makes out a very clear case against the Chilian Government's competitive scheme, and it is quite plain that if this scheme is persisted in it means something very like ruination for the Company. The Chilian Government has always prided itself, and quite justifiably, on its credit, and it seems very difficult to believe that it will be so short-sighted as seriously to endanger such a valuable asset for the sake of supplying Iquique with water at considerably under cost price.

Is it not time something was heard as to the date of the long overdue Chartered meeting? The spirit of unrest is abroad among

the shareholders, and it behoves the directors to bestir themselves. It would not be hard to name half-a-dozen business men whose appointment as directors would cause a rise in the market value of shares. It is high time something was done.

Thursday, May 28, 1914.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. J. A.—(1) We imagine not, but only the directors themselves can know. (2) As a speculation it has fair prospects, but it is hardly worthy to be called an investment.

SALLY.—We have forwarded your letter as requested, and you will no doubt have had a reply before this.

N. W. S.—(1) We have no news. (2) Write again.


ROBERTUS.—The position is not altogether satisfactory, as is witnessed by the present price of the shares. We suggest that you retain your present interest, but it would perhaps be wiser not to put any more eggs into the same basket.

M. D. C.—(1) and (2) are worth holding a little longer; but (3) should be sold for whatever it will fetch.

WESTERN.—We think you would do well to sell the first three shares that you mention, even if only to exchange into more promising shares in the same market. We do not think (B) can maintain its dividend, and (c) certainly won't; (D) is a fair speculation.

NOTE.—As we go to press early this week, we ask the indulgence of those readers whose answers are unavoidably held over.

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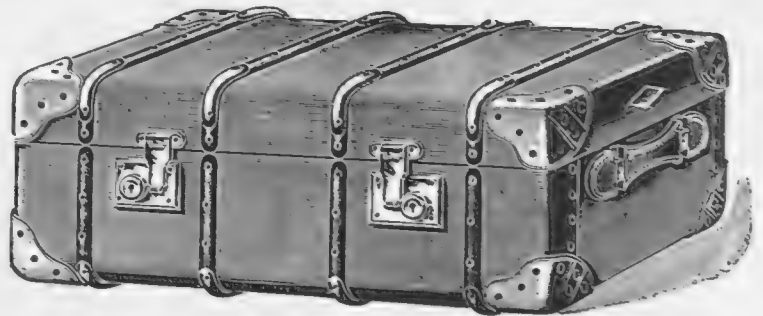
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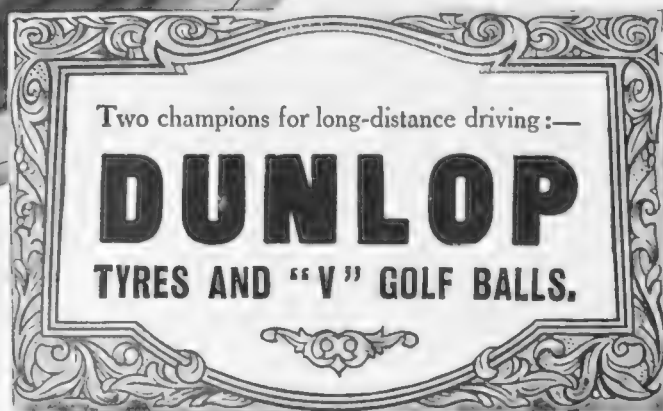
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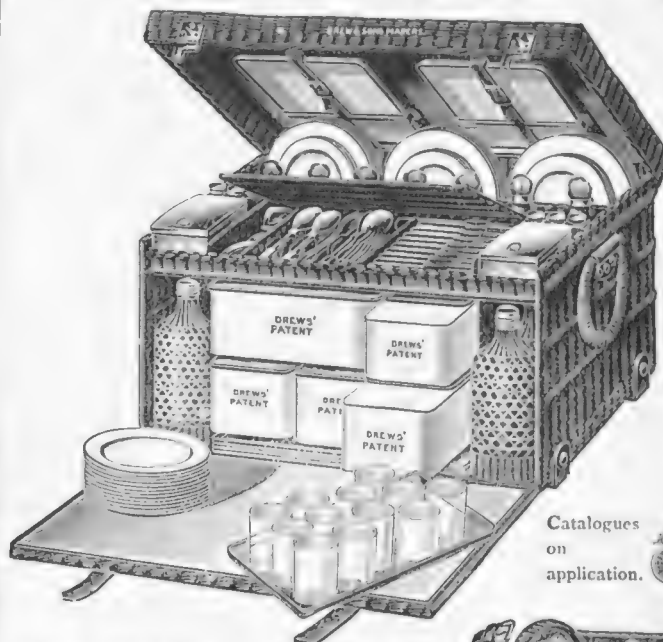
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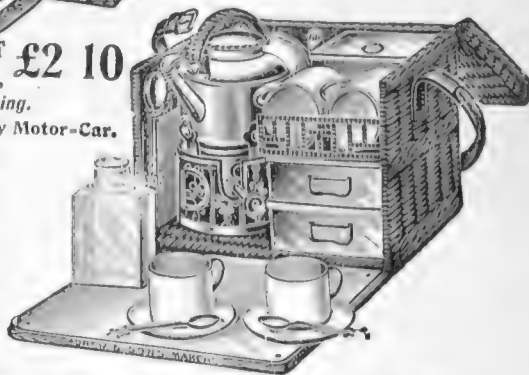
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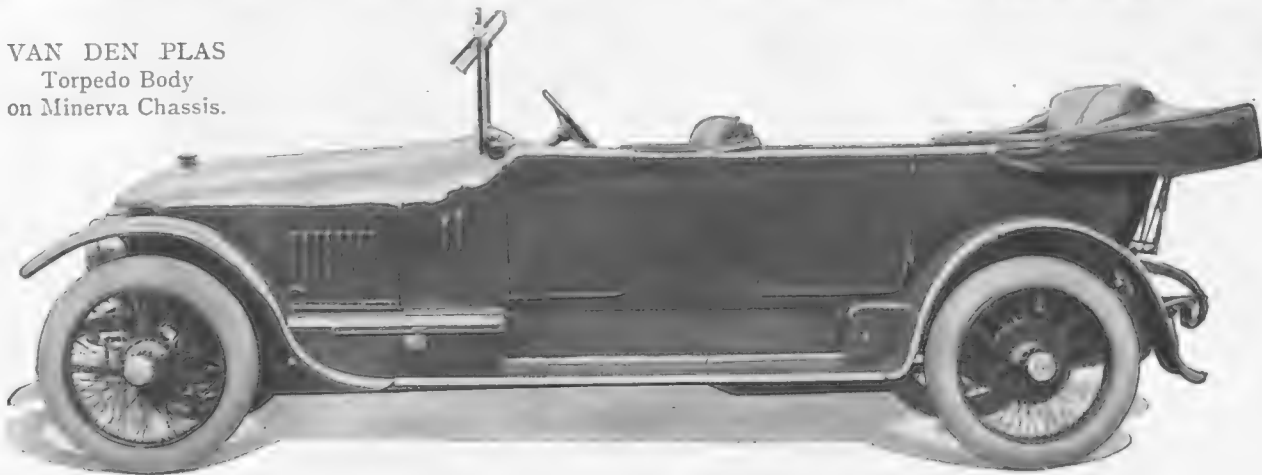
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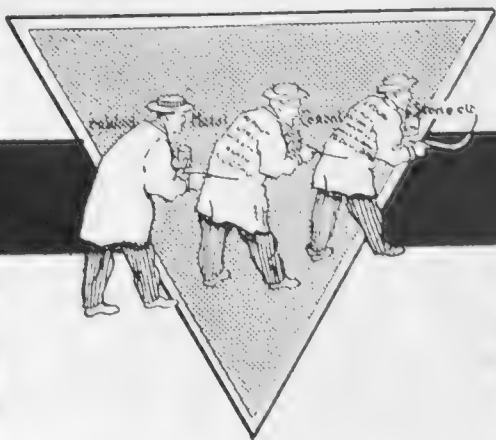
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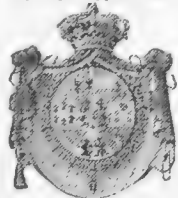
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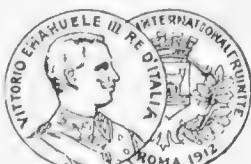
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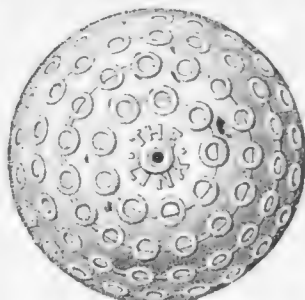


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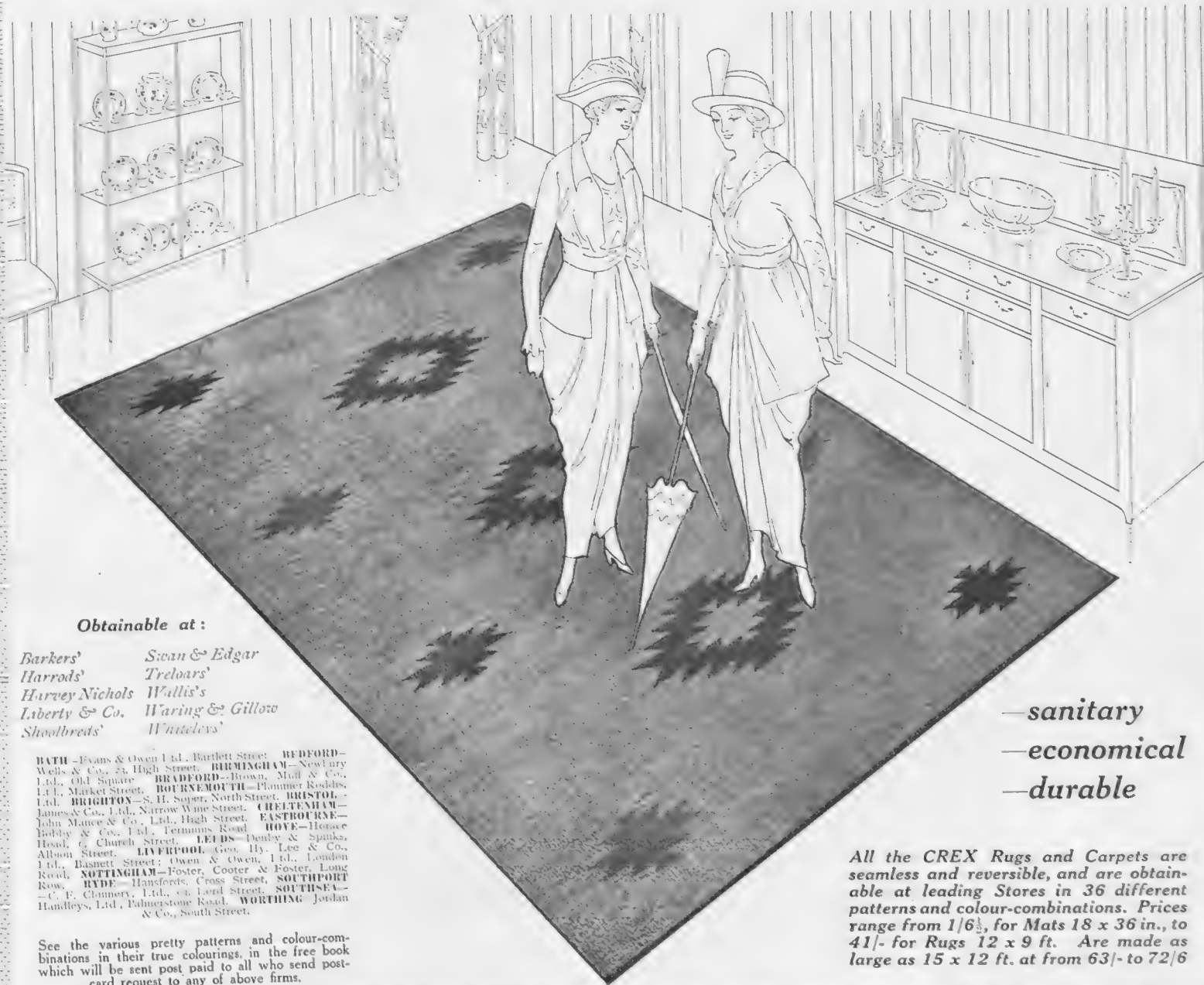
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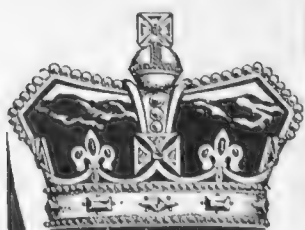
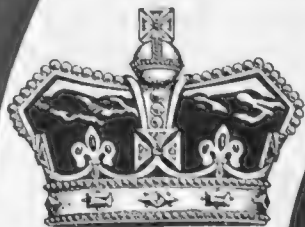
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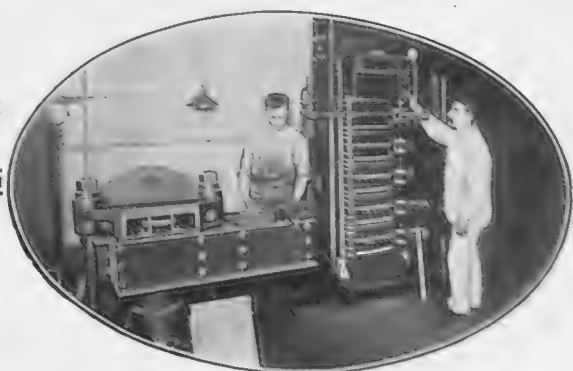
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the spun
leaf



Spinet
Tobacco

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

MR. ZANGWILL is one of the dramatists who ought not to be allowed to write plays all alone: a strong collaborator is needed, not to help him to invent but to get his plays into shape, cut out the feeble jokes and needless phrases, and give a sense of proportion. We felt this very strongly in the case of "Plaster Saints," which contains the raw materials for a big drama, but not the big drama. It requires sharp revision by some impartial pen. Quite a capital point of casuistry is the basis. The topic discussed concerning Parnell and Dilke is applied to a Non-conformist Minister, and the question raised whether it is his duty, after a sin of passion and the birth of a baby, to make public confession, and thereby destroy his usefulness, or whether it is permissible for him to keep silence and labour the more zealously for his church. I do not offer my opinion on the subject, and the dramatist avoids an expression of his, for, like too many playwrights, he compromises at the end, lacking the courage shown by Mr. Granville Barker in "Waste." There are interesting minutes in the play and it contains a duel scene—only a duel of words—which, if played in the right style, would have a great effect. But, whilst Mr. Edward Sass judiciously adopts the robust method and "gets it off his chest," Miss Grace Lane plays quietly and realistically, so between the two the dramatic effect was missed. Each acted very well in a way, but in different ways—which, of course, won't do. And, oh! the piece is long—or was, for I daresay it has been cut by now. Queer thing, that so many pieces have to be cut after production: a fair number survive the operation, but some die under the knife. There is quite clever acting in the piece besides that of the principals: the best being Miss Gillian Scaife's performance of a very difficult part; also one may praise Miss Gwendoline Hay and Mr. Harold Chapin.

The Horniman revival of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was very interesting. Miss Irene Rooke, who played the chief part, had a very trying task, since there were playgoers in the house who recollected the Paula of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mrs. Kendal, and Duse. Miss Rooke presents her own view of the character, which differs widely from that of Mrs. Campbell; for Mrs. Pat gave as Paula, a kind of butterfly creature who drifted into a "gay" life easily enough under unfavourable circumstances, and seemed rather unlikely to be touched by any reference to her innocent youth, or

to jump to the conclusion that her past intrigue with Ardale must be disclosed at any cost. Miss Rooke presented a naturally good woman spoilt, thereby making the tragedy the deeper. She was not quite *femme du monde* or *du demi-monde*, like her predecessor, but after the first act, where she was certainly inferior, showed real tragic power and made a very deep impression on the audience by her superb acting. Mr. Milton Rosmer was, for once, a little disappointing. The Cayley Drummle of Mr. Bibby was very clever, but a trifle provincial; Mr. Lomas was by far the best Sir George Orreyd that I have seen; and Miss Muriel Pope presented his vulgar wife very cleverly. One ought also to mention Miss Beatrice Terry, an excellent Ellean, though not quite the ideal, like Miss Maude Millett.

"The Land of Promise" has celebrated its hundredth performance at the Duke of York's Theatre, which is not surprising, since it is quite a thrilling drama, with a peace-after-storm ending, such as our playgoers love and the critics rail against. Not, perhaps, quite a play for the bread-and-butter Miss of my youth, but the "flapper" of to-day is rather a dry-toast-and-caviare than a bread-and-butter maiden, and will discuss the thrilling third act with her pals over a cigarette; indeed, I wonder whether she will think the man quite as much a brute as I did. Moreover, there are clever acts of comedy of two different kinds very neatly blended. The performance shows some of the best acting on our stage. Mr. Godfrey Tearle is very natural and realistic in the part of the brutal young farmer, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh presents the character of the shrinking bride with really great skill: the greater, indeed, because it hardly seems to square with her personality.

"Mr. Wu," at the Strand, celebrated an even longer run the other night, and promises to be a real stayer. No wonder, for the Anglo-Chinese treatment of the "Measure for Measure" theme is quite clever and thrilling—indeed, almost produces fine drama; but, alas! as often happens, the dramatists shirk their subject, and so the piece is melo- and not real drama. And what a theme the real consideration by the mother of the question of sacrificing her honour to save her son would make; and yet, perhaps, only another case of the banned "Monna Vanna." An admirable performance is given, notably by Miss Lilian Braithwaite, who plays the unhappy mother superbly, and by Mr. Matheson Lang, whose study of the defrauded Chinese is very clever and effective.

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£1000 INSURANCE. See Page f.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with "Shamrock IV." for the Cup; The Ranee Mudah of Sarawak; Net Score—One Love; Miss Laura Cowie; Miss Lucie Kieselhausen; Mme. Marie Kousnetzoff; Miss Gladys Cooper; Hands That Hold Fame; The Fair British Mannequin; Society at Epsom.

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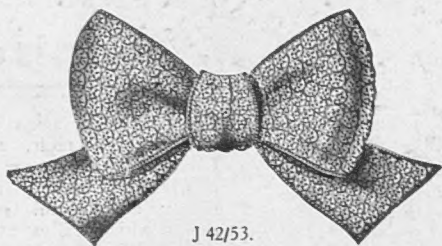


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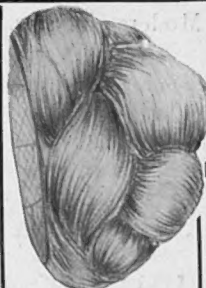
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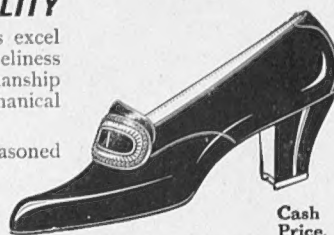
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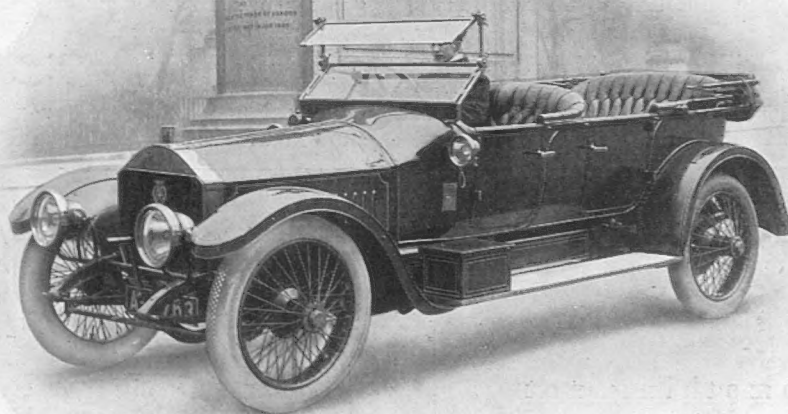
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AT THE OPERA-HOUSES.

ALTHOUGH most people thought that Mozart's "Magic Flute" would hardly call a modern audience to Drury Lane, the fact remains that the curious work has been played to some packed houses. Perhaps it becomes a little hard for those of us whose ears are attuned to the modern idiom to understand how Mozart can hold his own in operas that are neither "Don Juan" nor the "Nozze di Figaro," but the state of the house at Drury Lane is conclusive and refutes theories. It is impossible, of course, to overlook the extraordinary attraction of the singing of Mlle. Claire Dux; long years must have passed since any Mozartian rôle could claim in London the services of such an exquisite voice or of a more engaging presence. The Queens of the Night have been disappointing; each has sung the florid music satisfactorily in a way, but neither has made it seem like a living thing. For the rest of the puppets employed by Mozart for such a serious purpose—he did not realise that he was divorcing opera from its proper function—there is only one thing to be said, and it is that there is no place left for them on the operatic stage. Granting that to give such futile parts to really distinguished singers is quite right from the public's view-point, it remains a waste of good material. To find Herr Knupfer, for example, as Sarastro and Herr Bechstein as Monstrostrato is to experience a thrill that is quite distinct from pleasure.

"Boris Godounov" is on the point of being revived, at time of writing, with Chaliapine in the name-part. "Ivan the Terrible" should be presented to-night (June 3), and "Prince Igor" next week, when ballet will be in full swing. The production of "La Légende de Joseph" has been postponed, but not for long. The young dancer, M. Miassine, of whom so much is expected, has not completely satisfied the critics of Paris, but it is said that his worst failing is lack of experience required to enable him to grasp the full possibilities of an extremely trying part. It may well be that by the time the ballet is given in London he will be in better form. Drury Lane's programme is now mapped out as far as the second week in July, and there is a fairly general opinion that a few more performances of "Der Rosenkavalier" would have been very welcome. But with the great programme that lies before them, the management will not be able to make many alterations.

There can be no doubt about London's ability to fill two houses during the summer season. The other night, when Mlle. Claire Dux and Herr Knupfer were singing at Drury Lane, it was hard to see a vacant seat; while at Covent Garden, where Caruso and Destinn were singing in "Madame Butterfly," the house was sold out. As soon as the public realises that there is something well worth hearing,

it will support a couple of ventures with ease between May and July.—Signor Montemezzi, whose picturesque music-drama, "L'Amore dei Tre Re," was produced for the first time in England at Covent Garden last week, is a young and gifted Italian composer now in his thirtieth year. He has written at least four operas, enjoys the support of the great house of Ricordi, and his latest work has been extremely warmly greeted, not only in many Italian cities, but in the United States and in Paris. The reason is clear: Signor Montemezzi can give full rein to a very passionate pen, he has a certain sense of the orchestra, and he has chosen for his muse a story that is filled to the full with primitive passion. The question that is a little hard to answer is whether or no the composer has the operatic as distinguished from the musical gift. Frankly, we do not think so. Much of the score, though it is interesting, bears but the slightest relation to the stage action—is no more, in fact, than a rather detached commentary upon it. This is the new way, and will serve quite well if the composer has the power of creating and sustaining an atmosphere. Signor Montemezzi creates his atmosphere and then loses it, only to recover and lose it again. At a first hearing, his music gives an impression that, as soon as he is well in his stride, he is inclined to forget the stage altogether. He has melody, he is very well read, but he has not yet found himself. The stage pictures are unusual; so, too, is the lighting; and the company engaged is the one that has already presented the opera in Paris. Mme. Edvina has the heroine's part, and her effective handling of draperies suggests half-a-dozen of the late Lord Leighton's studies. She can act with her voice to an extent that few contemporaries can rival. Francesco Cigada as the baritone husband and Giulio Crimi as the tenor lover are good without being startling; and Adamo Didur's realistic study of Archibaldo, the blind father of Manfredo, will be greatly discussed and admired, for all the necessarily ugly side to it. Signor Moranzoni, a friend of the composer, who has conducted the opera abroad, has been engaged to direct the London performances.

We commented last week upon a performance of "Rigoletto" in which Mme. Melba was far from being at her best. It was whispered in the theatre a day or two later that as she went on the stage the prima-donna received disturbing news of the health of a near relative. It must be one of the penalties of a successful opera-singer to be required to face an expectant audience and justify a great reputation under circumstances that make any performance a matter of difficulty.

The revival of "Madame Butterfly" was a great success. Caruso and Destinn, in the great love-duet with which the first act ends, delighted the house, and throughout the evening Mme. Destinn showed that this opera still gives her one of her greatest triumphs.

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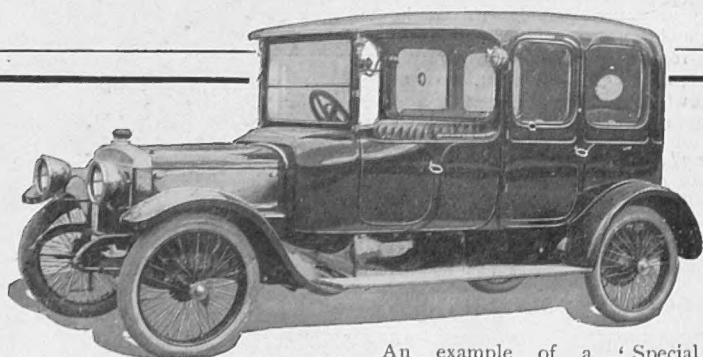
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